THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

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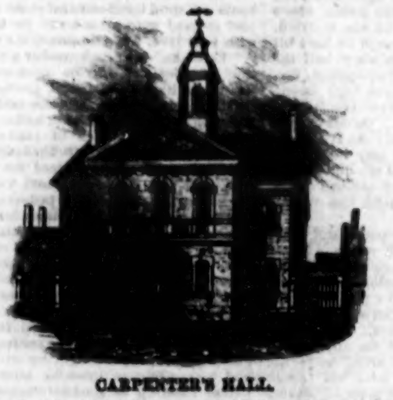
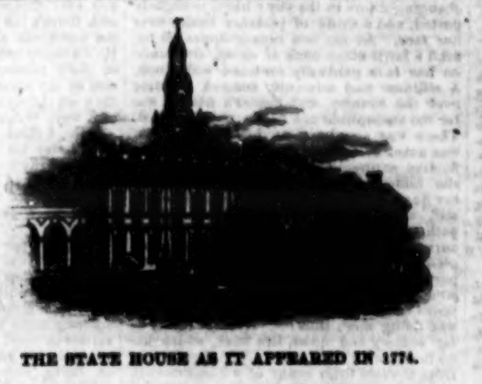


CARPENTER'S HALL.

The first Continental Congress held its sessions in Carpenter's Hall, which stands back from Chestnut street, on the South side, between Third and Fourth streets. It is still owned by the Society of House Carpenters, for whom it was originally erected. For awhile it was desecrated by being occupied as an Auction mart; but now it is preserved by the society with the reverence due to its venerable and patriotic associations. Visitors are freely admitted on application, and can enter the room in which the momentous sessions of the First Congress were held, whose walls echoed to the eloquent tones of Patrick Henry, Lee and the Adamses, and whose floor was trodden by the august form of the Father of his Country.



THE STATE HOUSE AS IT APPEARED IN 1774.

[From a vignette on an old map of Philadelphia.]

The above represents the State House—or Independence Hall, as it is now commonly called—as it appeared in 1774, before the first steeple had been taken down, as mentioned in our last paper. No stranger who visits Philadelphia should fail to visit this place. Entering the main door, you turn to the left, and are freely admitted into the famous room in which the Declaration of Independence was adopted and afterwards signed. The room contains a large collection of portraits of American heroes and statesmen, and many interesting patriotic relics, including the chair which Hancock occupied as President of Congress, full length portraits of William Penn and Lafayette, a Statue of Washington, the old "Liberty Bell," &c.

LILYBELL.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY CLIO STANLEY.

I.

Lilybell, my loving maiden,
Came from Aidenn
In disguise;
Like the violets, blue and tender,
Was the splendor
Of her eyes.
To her presence birds came singing,
In her footsteps flowers were springing,
And the joy-bells, round her ringing,
Beloved Lilybell!

II.

Lilybell, my dainty darling,
Like a starling,
Came to me;
Laughing, left the sunbeams dancing,
Gayly glancing
Through the tree;
All my lonely life to brighten,
Every dream of joy to heighten,
And the dismal ghosts affrighten,
Flee from Lilybell!

III.

Lilybell, my flower of morning,
Soft adorning
All my life—
Lean from out your fragrant bower,
Next sweet hour
You'll be my wife!
Wildest wind that ever bloweth,
Far off star that nightly gloweth
Listen where my darling goeth!
My sweet Lilybell!

PEMBERTON;

OR,

One Hundred Years Ago.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY HENRY PETERSON.

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1872, by Henry Peterson, in the Office of the Librarian of Congress, at Washington.]

PART FIRST.

CHAPTER X.

"And things are not what they seem."
—*Longfellow.*

As Pemberton sat in the parlor one morning, a week or two after the evening at Madame Dumont's, he heard a loud, peculiar knock at the front door, and shortly afterwards old Fox entered, ushering in a gentleman of rather singular appearance. The visitor was apparently an aged member of the Society of Friends. His hair was silver white—evidently with age, not with powder—and hung low over his forehead, while it straggled, untied and queueless, down the sides of his face, and behind over his neck. His dress was not that of the Quaker aristocracy of the period, but of the more simple and austere class of Friends who inhabited the distant country neighborhoods. It was a complete suit of homespun drab—from his drab hat to his worn and drab buckskin shoes. Despite his age, he seemed erect and vigorous; his eye seemed not deficient in fire, and his face was rather ruddy than otherwise—appearances not unusual in the aged members of his temperate and moderate sect. For it is excess which dims the lustre of the eyes; and passion which bends the frame, ploughs furrows in the face, and spreads a pallor over the once ruddy surface of the skin.

"Art thou Arthur Pemberton?"

"Such is my name," politely replied Pemberton—wondering who the stranger could be.

The visitor's face took a more solemn aspect. "My name is Joshua Parsley. Thou hast heard thy late father speak of his old friend, and humble minister of the word, Joshua Parsley?"

"I regret to say that I never heard my father speak of you. But any old friend of his is always welcome."

"It is strange! Peradventure he did not take thee into his inmost confidence—thou wast rather young when he died. But he left me a solemn message for thee. I have refrained thus long from delivering that message. But I have felt of late that I must no longer refrain. I have felt a moving, yea an urging, yea a—"

The sentence was suddenly interrupted by Major Tarleton, who threw the door of the room open excitedly, having entered the house, as was not uncommon in those days, without knocking.

"Pemberton—have you seen André this morning? I thought perhaps I might find him with you. That rascal, McLane, has been at some more of his tricks. But I have his trail this time—and if I can once get sight of him, I'll tree him, or my name's not Banastre Tarleton."

"And dost thou really wish to see that man of violence and blood, my son?" spoke the solemn tones of the Quaker from the sofa, where he sat, concealed by the half opened door from the view of Tarleton, who had not entered, but continued standing in the doorway.

"Satan! who have you got here, Pemberton? I thought you were alone."

"Not Satan, my son—but an humble opponent of Satan, and follower of the lamb."

"Of the Fox, you mean," laughed Tarleton, disrespectfully. "Curse me, if some of the slipperiest fellows I have met around here have not been you same Quakers."

"Courtesy, if you please, Major," said Pemberton, a little haughtily. "This is an old friend of my father's. You asked about André; I have not seen him this morning."

"Well, I must find him," replied Tarleton, coolly, turning on his heel.

"Stay, my young friend," said the Quaker. "Thou spakest of him whom the men of Belial call Captain McLane, and said thou wished to meet with him."

"Aye, that I do. I'd tan his hide for him—the rebellious rascal."

"Well, my son, I happened to be visiting a brother in Germantown, the other morning, when the men of sin were contending together—yea, verily! And I looked out of the cellar window—for we had all gone down into the cellar; yea, and also into the spiritual cellar, into the dark depths of affliction—and there was a confused noise, the thunder of the captains and the shouting—and, as I said, I looked twice out of the cellar window. And first I beheld a horseman, at the head of other horsemen, riding down the road furiously—and then, the second time I looked, I beheld another horseman, at the head of other horsemen, and he also was riding down the road furiously, yea, like the riding of Jehu, the son of Nimshi—and my friend said the second horseman was pursuing the first horseman—yea, verily! And my friend said the name of the first horseman was Tarleton, and that the name of the second horseman was McLane. Now, if thou wast the first horseman, and thou really wished to meet the second horseman, why didst thou not halt, and wait for his coming?"

The Quaker had run on in his discourse, in the kind of rapid sing-song peculiar to certain of the preachers of his sect, heeding not the impatient mutterings and startings of the British officer. But, as he paused, Tarleton took a step forward, and put his hand to his sword in his anger.

"It was McLane, then! You know well, you sly and malicious old Thee-and-Thou, that my troop ran, not from McLane, but from the whole rebel army. Of course, he will brag how *he* chased Tarleton through Germantown. But Tarleton led the advance which chased the cursed rebel horde of tatterdemalions back to their holes again. By the—"

"Swear not, young man!" interrupted the Quaker solemnly, rising to his feet. "Take not the name of thy Creator in vain! Ah, I feel the spirit moving within me—it moves to the word of exhortation, to the word of warning, to the word of—"

"Go to the devil with your canting! Good-day, Pemberton," exclaimed Tarleton, as he flung himself through the door, slamming it violently to behind him.

"The young man seems rather excited," said the Quaker, calmly resuming his seat. "I trust he will not continue long in that angry frame of mind—he might hurt somebody."

"He undoubtedly *will* hurt somebody," replied Pemberton, who had been greatly amused—though he managed to keep all traces of mirth from his countenance—at the conversation between Tarleton and the preacher. "But you said you had a message from my father for me."

"Yes, my son, I have a message, an earnest and important message; but it is one which I would rather confide to thee in the secrecy of thy chamber than here, where we may be interrupted by other children of the flesh."

"Just as you please," replied Pemberton, rising. "My chamber is one of the upper rooms."

Pemberton noticed that the Quaker, notwithstanding his age, seemed to experience no difficulty in ascending the stairs; and he felt proud of the country which could produce such staunch and enduring sons.

"I think thou hadst better bolt the door," said the preacher, taking a seat.

Pemberton smiled—but did as requested.

"My son," began the Quaker, "the message which thy father entrusted to me was this. He had observed with sorrow that even before his death, thou hadst utterly, and I may say entirely, and even altogetherly, given up the use of the plain language."

"What!" cried Pemberton, impetuously. "You do not mean that this is the message you were intrusted with by my father?"

The Quaker seemed to be suddenly taken with a fit of convulsions—he bent his head nearly to his lap, while his frame shook with emotion. At length it broke forth in an apparently uncontrollable burst of laughter—not loud but deep—and all the more convulsive from his evident efforts to moderate and subdue it.

"I—shall—burst!" at length exclaimed a voice, entirely different from that which had before spoken.

Pemberton looked on in amazement. He thought the venerable preacher must be losing his senses.

"I cannot keep up the farce any longer—I cannot, to save my life," said the Quaker, in a low voice that seemed strangely familiar. At the same time he removed his hat, then his long silver hair—which proved to be a wig—composed his countenance to its natural and not quite so sanctimonious expression, and the gay, undaunted face of Lieutenant Morris was revealed to his astonished cousin.

"Why, Arthur, you stare as if you never saw me before," said the Lieutenant. "I think that is a pretty good disguise, to deceive even you."

"Philip—this is a tremendous risk. How you puzzled me. I thought at the last you must be crazy," replied Pemberton, half laughing, half alarmed at his cousin's temerity.

"You *looked* puzzled. Oh, I shall die just thinking of it," rejoined Morris, going off into fresh convulsions of subdued laughter. "And—didn't—I—give—Tarleton—fits!"

"You were bold to recklessness. Tarleton is not the man to trifle with that way, I assure you. Had you not passed as a guest of mine, I am not certain that even your assumed age and Quaker garb would have protected you."

"Oh, of course I calculated the chances. I knew the weasel could not help himself."

"But the risk—the great risk of this disguise, Phil. You know it is death if they discover you."

"I know all that," replied his cousin, coolly; "but do I not look death in the face almost every day of my life?"

"But the dishonorable death of a spy—and by the rope!"

"Pshaw! mere words. Dying for one's country is the death of a patriot, whatever men say, and be it by rope or steel or bullet. If I can do tenfold the good to my country by coming here disguised, that I can in the field as a soldier, why I should be a selfish coward not to run the risk. But all this is not to the purpose. Here I am. Now what is the news?"

"Nothing is stirring, to my knowledge—save what I infer from Tarleton's words of an expedition this afternoon. I shall signal a small attack. I will move about a little this evening, and pick up what I can. Of course you will not pass the night in the city?"

"No. I have some friends to see—some of the leading ministers and elders of the flock," replied Morris, smiling. "My market wagon, well-loaded, is hitched at your door. It is well that Howe and the others are so fond of good dinners. How is auntie?"

"In good health, as usual."

"Loyal, as ever?"

"Loyal as ever."

"You do not *forget* the flags? Do not let Foxey oversleep himself. The other night we came near being surprised—the flag had said nothing. And we heard nothing either through Captain Fanny. This is the reason I am here."

"Foxey does the best he can. But we cannot obtain information of every movement. You know I will not play a double-handed game. I will not profess to be a devoted royalist, and worm myself into the confidence of the British officers, in order to betray it. That is not my style, Phil."

"They say that you and André are devoted friends, and I believe so from what I saw at Wissahiccon. Who is the deceived one?"

"Neither."

"He must give you many important pieces of information."

"No. I will not let him. I always shut his mouth, when the confidence of friendship opens it too widely."

"Some of our officers are beginning to doubt you. They ask, how can he be a true patriot, and yet be hand and glove with a British officer?"

"I cannot help it," replied Pemberton, while his face glowed with his earnestness; "I will go thus far, to aid my country and her cause—as far as I can go in honor. Not to serve myself, or her, will I go farther. I will betray no one. If your superiors doubt me—*fear* I will purposely mislead them—let them set at naught my signals and my messengers, and pay no further attention to them."

"Well, Arthur, you know what *I* think. I trust you to the uttermost—trust you with my own life, as I am doing now—but that is nothing; would trust you with my country's life, which is everything."

"What does Washington say?"

"He says that he fully understands you—respects you fully—fully believes in you. The trouble is not with him, you may be assured. It is with a commoner order of men."

"What do you think of the General, Phil? The British officers used to express a great deal of contempt for him—giving to Lee, the Englishman, the credit of every able movement; but since Lee's capture, and the splendid dash on Colonel Rahl at Trenton, they do not seem quite so certain that Lee was our 'palladium!'"

"A fig for Lee," exclaimed Morris. "Washington is not only the ablest commander we have—but by all odds the noblest and most glorious man. Notwithstanding the calumnies of Lee and his friends—for Lee wished to have Washington's place, you know—he manifests no irritability, always speaks of Lee with courtesy, admits his brilliant abilities, and laughs not—while all the camp is laughing—at his ridiculous capture. You have not heard, perhaps, Arthur, how it all happened—it is, as the old saying goes, as good as a farce."

"I have heard nothing, save that Lee ventured too far from his army, and was betrayed by a Tory."

"Oh, it is a capital joke. Major Wilkinson tells it. He sought out Lee with a letter from Gates—Gates was up Jersey, in a deuce of a quandary, you know, fearing he might stumble with his little reinforcement on the British. Wilkinson finds Lee in bed at a tavern at Baskinridge, three miles off from his troops—that much nearer the British at New Brunswick, and with only a small guard. Well, Wilkinson throws himself on the floor in his blanket among Lee's suite, and sleeps till daylight next morning. About eight o'clock, Lee comes down half-dressed, in his slippers and blanket coat, collar wide open, and dirty linen—a regular sloven. I don't believe in slovens; a slouch in one thing, a slouch in everything. Washington is always dressed like a gentleman. Not till ten o'clock was Lee ready for breakfast!

"Rather late that, I confess," said Pemberton; "he was not the early bird that catches the worm."

"No indeed—he was the foolish bird that the fowler caught. He wasted full two hours in quarrelling with some Connecticut privates—then, after breakfast, he sits down to write to Gates. Was barely through with the letter, had just signed his name at the bottom, when Wilkinson, looking out of the window, sees a party of British dragoons dashing up the lane. 'The British are on you!' shouts Wilkinson. 'Where's the guard? D—n the guard—why don't they fire?' cried Lee.

"Where were the guards?"

"Like master, like man—slovenly general, slovenly discipline—the guards had stacked their arms, and gone off to sun themselves. Before they knew, the red coats were upon them, and they scattering in all directions. Then a voice shouted, 'Come out, General, or we'll burn you out.' And again, 'Come out at once, curse you—we've no time to lose.' The General walked out—they knew their man—in slippers and blanket coat and bareheaded—they mounted him as he was, on Wilkinson's horse, which stood saddled and bridled at the door, and clattered off triumphantly to New Brunswick."

"They did not stay then to make the General's suite prisoners?"

"They were in too much of a hurry for that. But the cream of the joke is yet to come. When they first galloped up, Wilkinson had possessed himself of Lee's letter to Gates, which was lying on the table. And I know not whether he read it then and there, or whether Gates showed it to him afterwards, but he says the letter was full of sarcastic comments on Washington's want of generalship. One sentence in particular he remembers, where Lee said that, between himself and Gates, 'a certain great man was most damnably deficient in military ability.' The ink was hardly dry before the red-coats galloped up the lane—and proved Lee 'most damnably deficient,' I think. It's a splendid joke, is it not?—all the army is laughing at it."*

"Retribution came soon in that case," replied Pemberton. "But, Phil, it sounds very odd to hear you talking in so loose a strain, with that Quaker coat on. I should think that you could not utter an oath in that garb."

"I do find it difficult," laughed Morris; "but, then, on the other hand, I feel an almost irresistible propensity towards lying."

"Hush, hush, Phil, don't catch up the slang of the streets. You know that that is false. And, by the way, I fear you rather overdo your part as a Quaker preacher."

"Of course; you suspected who it was, all along! Undoubtedly! Oh, Arthur!"

"No, I own up frankly, that you deceived me entirely, at the time; but I think my suspicions would have arisen after reflection."

"That is because you know the genuine article. But these red-coats do not. I must act up—or down—to their conceptions of the character. If I were simply to give them nature, they would suspect me. A country Quaker preacher, who was not something of a crazy bigot, would make them open their eyes suspiciously. But I give them what they will consider to be the genuine article."

"I think we have talked quite long enough together," said Pemberton rising. "Do not forget yourself, outside of that door."

"Trust me for that, my son," replied Morris, resuming his hat and wig, casting his countenance into a cold, cast-iron mould, and speaking as with a new voice, which proved his wonderful power of mimicry. "And now, having delivered the message with which I was sent, I will cry aloud as one did formerly—yea, as David did, when he was a wanderer, and peradventure in deep affliction—no doubt alluding to the spiritual horse—'a horse, a horse, my kingdom for a horse!'"

"That's stolen, Phil," said Pemberton, laughing.

"My young friend, thou art wrong, and slanderous, and presumptuous! A man cannot steal what has no owner—therefore I have not stolen; nay, verily, I have only appropriated."

"Well, grow serious, Phil. I am about to unbolt the door."

"One word first," said Morris, pulling off his hat and wig again. "How is that beautiful Miss Graham?"

"Miss Isabella is as well and beautiful as ever," replied Pemberton gravely.

"Pshaw—I mean the other, Miss Helen. Isabella is too cold and stately for me. But Helen Graham is certainly the most beautiful and fascinating woman the good Lord ever made."

"I disagree entirely with you, Phil—I think Miss Isabella the most charming and beautiful woman the good Lord ever made—but I hope you are not growing foolish over Helen Graham. I thought perhaps it was your wound and the loss of blood that made you act so funnily the other day at Germantown. Really I could hardly believe that that serious, sentimental youth, kissing a lady's rosy fingers, was the same old laughing, reckless Phil I used to know, and whom I see here to-day."

"Be merciful, Arth!" replied Phil, with a lugubrious expression of countenance. "But really that Miss Helen *fascinates* me so, that I am no longer myself in her presence."

"And you a good Whig, too! Why Helen is as rank and bitter a Tory as you can find in the State."

"I don't care if she is—we don't fight with women."

"And cares more for the little finger of a certain British officer, than for your whole body."

"Do you mean Captain André?"

"I do."

"Well, he is a handsome fellow—for an Englishman. But she has seen him fifty times to where she has seen me once."

"I wish she could see you with that hat and wig on—and yet it would be dangerous, for she has sharp eyes, and she might think it her duty to give you to the halter."

"Let us try her," replied Morris, rising. "Of course she would know me; but if she would betray me,—well, I would be ready to die then."

"Phil—in one word, and it is better said now at once, Helen Graham is entirely out of your reach. She loves another—and would not love you, a Whig, if she were fancy free. Think no more of her."

"Arthur Pemberton—did I ever give up anything because it was difficult?"

"No," laughed Arthur, "I will say that for such a rattlecap, you were always the most pertinacious and obstinate of created beings!"

"Others may doubt and despond as to the success of our arms, I never doubt it. If we persevere to the end, we shall win. The eye that never blanches, the cheek that never pales, the hand that never falters—these, in the end, win the victory! What I am in war, old fellow," and he laid his hand affectionately upon Arthur's shoulder, "I am in love. I mean to win Helen Graham."

Pemberton shook his head.

"I mean to win her! As to loving her, I cannot help myself. The thought of her puts me in a ferment—the sight of her, as you saw, makes a different man of me."

"This is folly, Phil," said Arthur, in a low voice,—"that folly which leads to bitterness and heart-break. I tell you as a secret, trusting it to your honor—because I would save you and her needless pain—that I have the best of reasons for believing that Helen is betrothed to Captain André."

Philip gasped as if he had received a stab. "Be it so," he said, after a pause; "I still love her, and shall never cease to love her."

Then, resuming some of his former defiant recklessness of manner, he added—"Arth, when I see her the wife of another man, and half-a-dozen children around her knees, I will give up my suit as hopeless. But not till then. You know my motto—which has brought me through so many desperate places—'Never despair!' I will win Helen Graham!"

"A wilful man will have his way; and if you ever get Helen Graham, there will be two wilful people, that is all," replied Pemberton.

"I hope that won't be all, Arth," replied Phil, laughing. "But as you find I am, as of old, utterly unpersuadable and unconvertible from anything that I have made up my mind to, suppose I resume the costume of the sect of whose stubbornness and obstinacy I have inherited such a distinguished share, and visit some more of the brethren."

"One word further," said Pemberton in a low voice. "I intend to change our plan as to showing flags. Some one may grow suspicious. After the first of next month, we will show the largest flag while all the royal troops remain in the city. If they should all march out—or nearly all—we will haul down the flags entirely. How does it strike you?"

"It is an excellent plan to throw suspicion off the scent—that is, if Foxey can be made to understand the change, and does not blunder."

"Oh, I'll see to that. Have you any difficulty in making the signals out?"

"None in the least—especially with field glasses. We have three excellent points of observation—a house on the Ridge, one on the other side of the Schuylkill, and one in Jersey. They all notify headquarters—and the Jersey station [illegible]. But I really must go now. Somebody may steal my poultry."

Morris resumed his disguise—and, as Pemberton unbolted and opened the door, his face grew almost severe in its solemnity.

At the bottom of the flight of stairs they encountered Fox. The apparent Quaker paused before him.

"Art thou a son of Ham? then art thou still in the bondage of sin and the mire of corruption!"

"What's yer say, Mas'? O' course I'se fon' of ham—I's berry fon' of ham—so's Dinah—so's the pickaninnies."

"I am fearful this is a degenerate son of perdition. Negro, what is thy name?"

"Foxey—Mas'. Fox—George Fox—Mas'. Ain't dat yer a good name?"

Deigning no reply, the seeming Quaker placed one of his hands on the negro's head.

"Foxey, Fox, George Fox—mind the light—mind the light! dost understand? mind the light!"

"Yes, Mas', I 'tend to mind all de lights—missis am berry particler about dat," said the negro, as the seeming Quaker passed on to the front door; and then, shaking hands solemnly with Pemberton, said,

"To-morrow, at ten," and strode down the street.

"Dat's a mighty queer ole gemman, Mas' Arthur," said Fox, as Pemberton closed the door. "Fon' of ham—of course I is fon' of ham. Ha, ha, Mas' Arthur, a berry funny ole gemman."

"How about the flags, Foxey? Does the proud ensign of Briton still flout the air?"

"Say dat agin, Mas' Arthur."

"Does the proud ensign of Briton flout the air?" repeated Pemberton, smiling.

"Dat's berry purty. Does de proud ensime of Briton flog de air! I mus recommember dat."

"How about the flags, Foxey? I have only seen that smallest one for some time now."

"De berry littlest one, Mas' Arthur," said the negro, his eye lighting with a little extra intelligence.

"How would it do to give that one a rest, and fly a rather larger one—say the next size larger, Foxey?"

"De berry ting, Mas' Arth. I'll run him up, dis berry subjunctive moment."

As the negro mounted the stairs, he might be heard trying to repeat the phrase which had so charmed him—especially the "proud ensime," and "flog de air," which latter he evidently thought a most happy conception.

That afternoon Pemberton strolled around but heard nothing of interest, save that Tarleton had gone off, as he threatened, on the track of Captain McLane. But late in the evening Tarleton's party returned, tired and disheartened. Tarleton himself gave the curious questioners no satisfaction; but his men could not keep so careful a guard over their tongues. They had got on the trail of McLane near Frankford—had found him alone, and hemmed him in. When they came in sight of the noted partisan, he was riding quietly along, and seemed to meditate no resistance. Two of Tarleton's men had spurred up to capture him, one on each side, and as they neared him, let their swords fall in their slings to have their right hands free to grasp his shoulders. But McLane, at the last moment, had rapidly drawn a heavy pistol, shot one trooper through the head, knocked the other senseless from his saddle with the discharged weapon, leaped the fence, and escaped into an adjacent woods. Tarleton was angry enough to have shot a dozen men, but the mortification was so great that he did not utter even a single oath, after the first fiery, tremendous imprecation. His dragoons joked about it, when well out of hearing, saying that if McLane went on, he would end in making their Captain quite a religious character.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

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*General Charles Lee, who was thought of so highly at the opening of the war, after his court-martial and sentence of one year's suspension, for his conduct at Monmouth, sank somewhat into disrepute. His animadversions upon Washington led to a duel with Col. Laurens, one of Washington's Aids, in which Lee was wounded. He died from an attack of chills and fever in Philadelphia in 1782, and was buried in Christ-church ground, notwithstanding the following curious passage in his will:—"I desire most earnestly that I may not be buried in any church or church-yard, or within a mile of any Presbyterian or Anabaptist meeting-house; for since I have resided in this country I have kept so much bad company while living, that I do not choose to continue it when dead." That he was still quite popular, is proved by the fact that he was buried with military honors, while his funeral was attended by the highest civic and military characters, and a large concourse of citizens. He was a man of undoubted military ability, and, as Washington Irving says, "there was nothing crafty or mean in his character, but he was a disappointed and embittered man, and the gall of bitterness overflowed his generous qualities." He died unmarried.

Fred Redestone's Escapade;
OR,
THE ROMANCE OF A GARDEN.

I.

"But, my dear fellow, do none of your friends know her? Can't they help you somehow? You don't actually [illegible] [illegible]."

These words were spoken by [illegible] Travers to his old friend Fred Redestone, [illegible] they sat [illegible] in the chambers of the latter, which looked upon the Temple Gardens and toward the river. A bottle of un-Gladstonian (Fred called it Conservative) claret was on the small table between the two friends, whose chairs were placed close to the open window. Both gentlemen were smoking vigorously, and Fred's short, quick puffs, anxious face and restless manner showed that he was in what he himself would have called "a crisis."

Before, however, explaining the "crisis," we may as well explain Mr. Fred Redestone—he being the chief performer in this extraordinary escapade which we are about to narrate; and it is almost enough to say of him that he had arrived at the age of four-and-twenty, and found himself with a good constitution and £500 a year.

With a good constitution, £500 a year and animal spirits, we are given to understand that a young man can enjoy life; and we know as a fact that Redestone had enjoyed life, and at the period of our narrative *did*. At school and college Fred had been a proficient in every known game, from "hocky" upward to cricket and boating, and as for amateur theatricals that was his *forte*. A story was told of him at school of his having called one day upon the "rector," dressed up in the character of his own father (whom the rector had never seen,) and so completely deceiving the worthy old gentleman as to procure himself a half holiday. As to his character, that will appear sufficiently from his own acts as now to be narrated. Suffice it for us merely to quote the remark which his present chum, Travers, made about him at the university, on the occasion of a "wine" in his honor.

"He's the right sort, is Redestone; never turns his back on a friend, and fights his enemy face to face. There's not a better-hearted nor pluckier fellow in the college, and if he hasn't been rusticated, why, gentlemen, that's not his fault." [Tremendous cheering.]

Fred's father, an officer in the Indian army, had died some years ago, and Fred had been left to the tender mercies of an uncle, who had first sent him to travel for a year, and then "disposed of him," as he said, by entering him for the bar.

His present difficulty was a new one to him. He had actually fallen—not into an ordinary flirtation, but, as he himself expressed it, "into a sincere and rather incomprehensible affection. Incomprehensible in this sense, my dear Travers, that it has sown its seed, sprung up, and developed itself all in the course of one evening. I met Miss Esther Raymond one day at dinner, sat next her during dinner, and spoke to her while she sang and played after it, saw her into her carriage, and went home that night with the bewildering feeling that I had left my real self in that carriage, and that what I was taking home was of no consequence—a mere husk, an outer shell, thoroughly well cracked."

Redestone had met Miss Raymond at the house of some friends who were giving a farewell dinner just before starting for the Continent. It was now three weeks since then. During that time he had been unable to get the sweet face, bright eyes, and lovely form of Esther Raymond out of his mind. The tender tones of her gentle voice were ever sounding in his ears, as he thought of the words she had spoken to him that evening, full of such freshness and nature, and so striking in their originality, vivacity, and lively wit. As Fred said to Travers, who sat calmly smiling at his friend the while, "her thoughts seem to come straight from her heart, and to be enriched by an earnest love of everything that is beautiful and good, and all that sort of thing you know, Travers;" and here Master Fred blushed.

But the difficulty? Well, the difficulty was this: Fred had wished to assure himself that "the whole thing was not a bit of absurdity," a mere passing feeling, and, while so satisfying himself during these weeks, his friends, at whose house he had met her, had left for the Continent. *She* lived in the country, and was not to be met, like other London ladies of fashion in the Park, or at concerts or promenades, and he could not find means of becoming more intimately acquainted with her. Hence the question at the commencement of this narrative naturally enough put by Travers.

"No," said Fred, in answer, "not one of them knows her. I've made the round of them, and they don't; they cannot help me one bit. But as for my giving in, and not getting out of it, or over it, or through it, as you say, somehow, I don't mean to do anything of the kind. Gold doesn't drop into a man's pocket the moment he wants it, and champagne and claret must be procured, and don't spontaneously present themselves. I know all that well enough. Only it's not just as easy to say all at once how a rather difficult thing is to be done, and so I want your assistance and advice, old fellow."

"You know who she is, and what she is, and all that sort of thing, I suppose?" said Travers.

"Oh, yes—I know all that," replied Fred.

"Do you know her address?"

"Yes, I do," said Fred; "luckily I found that out. Indeed I asked her. She was talking so much of gardening that I imagined she must live in the country and have a garden of her own, so I put the question rather plumply, and she was good enough to tell me."

"Why not run down and see her?" suggested Travers.

"Well," replied Fred, smiling, "you see I should not quite like that; my slight acquaintance with the family would not warrant it; besides which, I confess that I should wish to have some further knowledge of the young lady's character before doing anything so marked as that."

"Go down all the same," said Travers; "take a look at the place; there is no saying what may happen. You may meet some friends in the neighborhood who may assist you. Go on a Sunday—it's a day of opportunities. Disguise yourself a little—spectacles, seedy clothes, a pot hat, and a colored handkerchief tied loosely over your collar. Your old amateur theatrical experiences will help you in the matter of complexion. Trust to the chapter of accidents—it's not a bad chapter to trust to after all, provided a man knows how to read it when the page is turned up for him."

"Thanks, old boy," said Fred; I'll do it. Next Sunday I shall go, trusting to kind Fate. Though I don't at present see how it can help me, yet it may. *Fortune favors those who try*: so here's success to the plan in the last bumper of this good red wine."

II.

On the banks of the Thames, not very many miles above London, stands a villa, built after the manner of a Swiss chalet, inhabited by and belonging to Henry Raymond, Esq., retired banker, and (in these latter years) author of a book upon "Ornamental Gardening with Criticisms on the Dutch System;" a work which, though it has not yet become generally known, is deserving of the reader's study—should he wish to ask a favor of Mr. Raymond. The villa itself is by no means so small as its rustic [illegible] which dot the wayside and [illegible] of [illegible]; and its overhanging roof and [illegible] wooden galleries [illegible] picturesque, and by no means out of place, among the tall English trees which grew around it. A lawn of velvet turf [illegible] from its front down to the river, at the edge of which were [illegible] giving [illegible] to the boat, which usually lay in the adjoining [illegible] wooden boat-house. To the back of the house was as much ground again, laid out with some taste as a garden. The choicest and most costly flowers were to be seen scattered in elegantly-shaped beds, and nestling among the stones of the different rockeries which rose in several places, and varied the monotony of the dead level on which the garden lay. A high wall, and massive gate of light-colored wood, separated the garden from the public highway.

Mr. Raymond was a widower with one child, a daughter, now nineteen years of age—the Esther Raymond Fred Redestone had met in London, and of whom he had spoken to Travers.

It was about eight o'clock in the evening of a beautiful and warm summer day, that Esther Raymond, throwing open the little glass door of the villa, came out, as was her wont, to watch the sunset as she paced up and down the fresh green lawn by the river side. Redestone had not done her more than justice when he praised her to his friend. She was, indeed, very pretty and very graceful, and there was a look of genuine delight in her face as she watched the changing colors in the sky: her lips slightly parted, and a smile of pleasure broke over her face. As the last rays disappeared behind a large black bank of cloud, the smile on her face gradually vanished with them. A stillness and solemnity seemed to come over the country, and Esther's nature was far too susceptible not to be sensible of it. There was no gloom on her face, for that was never seen there, but a quiet and reflective expression fell on her features as she folded her hands before her, twining her fingers together in a way peculiar to herself, and slowly walked along the gravel path under the willows. Her thoughts recurred to the subject which had often occupied them these few weeks past—the dinner-party at Mr. Neville's, where she had met a young barrister named Redestone. Sometimes she would reason with herself (as she was doing now) thus:—"It *must surely be my solitary* and quiet life here, which has no incident in it to take my thoughts away from the last little event of a London visit, which makes me think so much and so foolishly of that night. What do I know of him? How can I care for him? It is absurd. And yet I *do* think of him—so much. It is strange—and so silly! Why, I was fool enough to-day to let my imagination tell me I brushed past a figure like his as we came out of church. Silly? It is contemptible weakness. I must throw it off," she said, unclasping her hands with an impatient gesture; and calling to her dog, a little terrier, "Come, Ruby, we must go and get papa's tea ready." But Ruby was at that moment occupied in worrying something, an operation which he conducted under a strong sense of duty. Under these circumstances, Ruby could not reasonably be expected to leave his post.

Esther paused a moment, and then turned again toward the river, to follow out, yet a little longer, the thoughts which still *would* rise in her mind:—"Yes, it is strange that I should be so foolish. What can he care for me? He scarcely knows my name, has seen me but once, will probably never see me again, and is doubtless busy at this moment in his law-chambers—not thinking now, or indeed at any time, of the girl he happened to sit beside, by mere chance, at dinner a month ago. I suppose he has seen ever so many others since, whom he has dismissed from his mind in the same way. His town life, so full of incident, has no space for thoughts such as these. It was just an ordinary everyday event to him. And yet" (and Esther smiled, and slightly blushed, as this thought passed through her mind)—"and yet, that night, he spoke sometimes with such a deep feeling in his voice, and so gently and respectfully, and with a look of truth in his face which I could not doubt. He did, too, ask me where I lived, and spoke of rowing upon the river being such splendid exercise, and asked if I came often up to town. But it is so utterly childish, all this. What would he think of me if he knew of these silly thoughts? I am surely above girlish folly, and have sufficient sense to banish them. Ruby, come here," she said aloud, quickly and firmly, and walked toward the house.

Hearing her father's voice in the garden, Esther went round the house to see if he wished her, and found him standing beside the wooden gateway, speaking to the gardener.

"This ivy wants looking after, too," he was saying to the gardener, as she came up. "It's going too much over the road. Come here, Esther. I've been talking to James about these rockeries. They are far too formal—stuck up there like the four corners of the earth. We must have them altered at all hazards. It will involve rearranging a number of these plots, some transplanting, perhaps, and some new turf. I dare say it will take a little time and labor—perhaps a week; and James here wants some one to assist him. Is there no able-bodied fellow among these poor people of yours who might be of use to us?"

"No, papa, not one; they are mostly children and old women."

"Hollos!" exclaimed Mr. Raymond. "What's that? I thought I heard a noise, like some one coughing, among the ivy, on the other side there."

So he had. Our friend Fred had come down from London that day, had been to church, and had seen Miss Raymond there; and after a late dinner at a neighboring inn had strolled down towards the villa, not in hopes of seeing her, but simply because he took pleasure in the thought that he was near her. He had been taking his last turn when he was arrested by the sound of Esther's voice, and breathless, and for the moment powerless to move, he had heard the few words of conversation as to the garden improvements and the extra labor required. As Mr. Raymond had spoken, a bright laughing light came into his eyes—and his old school-fellows, had they been there and seen it, would have said: "There's Fred up to one of his larks; he never has that look but he's in for some jolly game or other."

So he was. The noise which Mr. Raymond had heard was Fred saying, half aloud, "By Jove, I'll do it!" He had scarcely uttered the words when he checked himself, and, afraid of being discovered, walked softly away and continued his thoughts in silence. "By Jove, I'll do it," he repeated. "It's perfect folly, and madness, and impossible; so Travers and everybody else would say. But I've had that said to me before, in the old days at school, and come well out of it notwithstanding. By George!" thought Fred, as he walked like lightning along the road in a tremendous state of excitement, "perhaps they'll disbar me for it. More fools they! So that's settled. Let me see now. There's that fellow I had a chat with at the door of the little inn. He's doing nothing. He'll give me working clothes for a sovereign or so. It's lucky I know something about gardening and flowers. I'm in pretty good training, too, and that's well, as I fancy I shall have to dig and carry eight or ten hours a day. I must take the last train up to-night and see Travers, and get old Robson to give me some disguises. I'll be here by 9 A. M. to-morrow by rail, or cart, or cab, or somehow, though every bencher in the Temple say 'No' to it. Hang the proprieties!—confound the etiquette! There's a prize here I'd stake my life for, were it only half as beautiful and good as I think it is."

Such a [illegible] entered the head of man, [illegible] the [illegible] and [illegible] of these [illegible] themselves within a short time and then [illegible] it up. One of that [illegible] came over his face, as he [illegible] before him, [illegible] he'd carry it through, whatever might be the risk, trouble or danger. As he himself [illegible] expressed it, whilst running up to town by train, in more legal phraseology, "It *shall* be done, in spite of every known law, custom, or usage to the contrary, and come what may.

III.

At eight o'clock on the following morning, old James, the gardener, came up to his master, who was taking a turn round the garden before breakfast, and said:

"Please, sir, I've got a hand as I think can do the garden work you were speaking of last night."

"Indeed, James, who is he?"

"Well, sir, I picked him up by chance through Tom Groves, who keeps the Holly Inn. He says he's out of work, and knows something about gardening, and is quite agreeable about wages—sixteen shillings a week, sir, with his bed and meals. I think you said that would be the agreement, sir, and there's the bed above the stable, where the coachman slept before he was married. He's a likely enough lad, though he has a bit of black plaster on his face about half the size of my thumb; and is fair-spoken, too. He's an Irishman, and speaks very strong that way. Would you like to see him, sir?"

"No, I think not, James. Or stay; you had better let me see him. An Irishman, did you say? The fellow may be one of those wretched Fenians, and my quiet home may be turned into a perfect hot-bed of sedition in a few hours. Send him round, James."

James stepped back a few paces, and beckoned with his hand, upon which a figure came swinging round the corner of the villa, dressed in workman's over-clothes, a rather dirty blue-striped shirt, and a pair of thick, coarsely-made boots. He carried his brown velveteen coat over one arm, and had a spade in his hand. He had the appearance of being very much sunburnt, wore his rather dusty-looking hair over his face a good deal, and had a large piece of plaster across one cheek. Notwithstanding this last, his general expression was very taking, especially when he slightly smiled as he touched his cap, and with a decided Irish accent wished Mr. Raymond "Good-morning, sir."

"Good-morning," said Mr. Raymond. "My gardener tells me you've done this kind of work before. Where did you do it?"

"Now for it," said Fred to himself. "I must tell a story, so here goes. In Ireland, sir."

"Have you just come over from there?"

"No, sir; I've got a friend in London, and came over from Ireland three weeks ago to make my fortune, and I've been doing odd jobs ever since—just what I could get, sir."

"Have you a character you can show me?"

"Not I, sir. Sure the character of a poor man like myself isn't worth puttin' on clane white paper. But I've always tried to get honest work, sir, ever since I left my ould father's cabin in Connemara; and I'll do your work well, sir, and heartily, if your honor will give me a fair trial."

"You don't associate with those rascally Fenians, I hope?"

"If 'sociate means havin' anythin' to do with them, I haven't, sir. I've seen too many of them breech-loadin' guns in Phœnix Park to have anything to do with them as wants to stand before them."

"What's your name?" asked Mr. Raymond.

Fred had somehow omitted to settle this little point, and was accordingly obliged to give the first Irish name which occurred to him on the spur of the moment. The name which happened first to occur to him was that of an old fellow-soldier of his father's, and now a kind friend to Fred himself. So he answered, with only a moment's hesitation:

"Fred O'Melley, your honor."

"Well, Fred," said Mr. Raymond, who had rather taken a liking to the pleasant, good-humored countenance of the pseudo Irishman, "we'll give you a trial. But remember, no rows or drinking. Do your work quietly and well, and we'll get on very well together, I dare say. Go into the kitchen, and have some breakfast before you begin work."

"Thank you, your honor," said Fred, as he walked off, and thought to himself, "If ever I felt in a cold perspiration in my life it's been within the last ten minutes. I'm glad it's over, and so well over too. He's a fine, genial old fellow, I've no doubt we would get on well together in any capacity. Just to think I may be that man's son-in-law some day!—after this, too," thought Fred, looking down at his workman's dress and discolored hands. "But I'm going too fast, too fast, as usual. I've everything to do yet. So now to make acquaintance of the cook and Miss Raymond's *bonne*."

Thus reflecting Fred marched off with his new friend, James, the gardener, to partake of his first meal in the villa. As he did so he passed the dining-room window, and with a rapid glance caught sight of Miss Raymond at the breakfast-table, waiting for her father. Her eye caught his for an instant, and the next Fred was out of sight, but with such a beating of the heart that he imagined she might even hear it, it was so loud.

"I'll defy her to recognize me in this state, though," said Fred to himself. "Travers didn't when I stopped him in the Temple and asked him the way to his own rooms. So I think I'm safe."

When James had told Fred that he would have to eat and sleep on the premises, it had taken all his self-control to prevent an exclamation from escaping him. But he managed to suppress his delight, and partially relieved his feelings by allowing his face to expand into a broad grin as he thanked James for getting him a place where there was such "good eatin' and dacent quarters."

Now it ought here to be mentioned that the young lady who officiated as cook in Mr. Raymond's establishment was rather an important personage; at least no one in the house doubted that she thought so herself. It was her boast that she had been mistress in that kitchen ever since Mrs. Raymond's death, five years ago; and it was an article of her creed that she was entitled to be consulted in all matters affecting her domain. Accordingly, when she was told by James that it was a settled thing that an under-gardener was to be added to the establishment, and to have his meals in her kitchen, the indignation of Miss Chobbs boiled up. Her "missus" hadn't mentioned it to her; her master had not spoken a word to her upon the subject; and up comes James, who knows all about it, and talks of it as a settled thing. It was too bad!

So thought Jane, the cook; but when Jane thought, especially on such a matter, she also spoke. She was a stout, middle-sized woman, with a very full and powerful arm, and the way in which that arm caused a cleaning-cloth to pass up and down along the bright handle of the stewpan, when she was expressing her views on this subject, was very terrible to behold.

"Coming into my kitchen!" said she "as if there wasn't enough of work to do, and meals to cook, and floors to scrub without [illegible] in England to stuff [illegible] fed in a decent place! I wonder what [illegible] thinks I'm made of? [illegible]"

"It's only for a week," James remarked, [illegible]

"Week or no week," replied cook; "there'll be [illegible] comfort or cleanness in this kitchen every day of it, with mud and gravel all over my floor!"

It was not to be wondered at that James had thought it prudent, under these circumstances, to give Fred a gentle hint to use his best efforts towards mollifying Miss Chobbs.

"Not that she's a bad soul," said James; "but she does want a little soft earth, and a good place in her own plot. You had better wipe your feet," said James, as they entered the kitchen.

Cook was standing with her back to the door, quite aware who were coming in, but motionless as a statue. Fred saw that a blow must be struck at once, or matters might instantly get into a state it would take a long time to put right again. So, pausing at the door, he said, addressing himself to cook:

"Good-morning, ma'am. Maybe my dirty boots will spoil this beautiful clane room. I'll just go and give them a rub on the grass, with your lave, for a moment, ma'am."

"Come in," said cook, rather pleased with this consideration for the cleanness of her floor, and liking the broad, genial tones of Fred's assumed voice. As she said "Good-morning" she turned round, and saw the disreputable-looking patch of plaster on his face, and her heart again hardened against the new-comer. Fred noticed this instantly, and, as he took off his cap and walked into the kitchen, he deemed it prudent to defer further attempts at pacification for a minute or two, and, like a skilled salmon-fisher, to give the fish time to come to the surface before casting his line again. So he spoke quietly to James about the garden, while cook was busying herself with the preparations for breakfast. At last it was ready and on the table. James at once drew in his chair; but Fred remained standing, with his good-humored smile lighting up his face, and pretending to examine and admire a patent roasting apparatus attached to the fire-place. Cook had meantime been "taking stock" of him, and, the patch notwithstanding, was beginning to like his pleasant voice and quiet, easy manner. So, as mistress of the kitchen, and with a touch of civility in her tones, she said:

"Won't you sit down and have your breakfast?"

"Thankee, ma'am," said Fred; "after you, ma'am, and the other ladies." And then, when he burst into Irish raptures at the "gh-rious cookin'" and "beautiful boilin'" he was asked to do justice to, cook felt herself fairly conquered by his politeness and downright outspoken compliments, and was disposed to think him, as she afterwards said to the housemaid, "a very decent, quiet, respectable young man."

All that day Fred was busy at work in the garden, and gave James the utmost satisfaction. Mr. Raymond came beside them frequently during the day, to give directions and consult about the proposed alterations; but of Miss Raymond Fred only once got a sight, and that was at a distance, as she crossed the front lawn.

"By Jove!" said Fred that night, as he tumbled into his snug little bed over the stable, "I never was so glad to get between the blankets before. What with the hard work, and the stooping, and the constant excitement of the thing, I'm fairly done up, and could sleep on a bed of rocks. I hope it's clean, though—above the stable, too. I do hope there are no—eh! what—confound it! Oh, no, it's only a sharp straw! Thank heaven! And now, good-night my sweet beauty! May gentlest sleep fall softly on your bright eyes, and may the good gods grant that I shall dream of thee!"

IV.

On the following day the two gardeners got through a good deal of work, and Fred's healthy muscles responded heartily to the unusual strain put upon them. But though hours passed, never once did Miss Raymond indicate, by her presence, that she was interested in the changes going on in the garden. Fred, however, kept his ears open, and gathered a good deal from his fellow-servants of his fair mistress's character. Not one had a fault to find with her; and even cook, in her most excited moments, had nothing but praises for "Miss Esther."

"Not that it's her fault," she said, upon one occasion, when rather put out, and expressing herself with her accustomed rambling volubility, which was rather bewildering. "Not that it's her fault, poor dear! But master *will* go doing reckless things, asking four people down to dinner as he's picked up in London in the forenoon, and sending nothing but a dirty bit of yellow paper by electric two hours before dinner, as if that would help a person. Much more sensible if he sent a nice bit of brill, or a turbot. But he's no common reason in him, though he was a banker, and took in shillings and halfpennies over the counter, as I've heard from my sister Susan, as is married to a green-grocery, most respectful, and has two rooms behind the shop, and used to send her little boy, twelve years old, and in the measles at this blessed moment, with them all tied up in a canvas bag."

That evening after dinner, Esther, who had been very much occupied indoors all day, came out to take her usual saunter, and, after a few turns in the lawn, went round to the back of the villa to see what changes had taken place in the garden.

"Why, papa, look there," she said to Mr. Raymond, who was seated in the summer-house beside a small table, on which he was wont to have placed his pint of after-dinner port. "There's that Irishman of yours working still."

"Is he at it still?" said Mr. Raymond. "He seems an energetic fellow; and with some taste, too. He asked leave to try his hand at arranging these rockeries himself; and if the thing turns out as well as he made it appear when he spoke of it, I expect a success. By-the-way, it's most extraordinary how well that fellow sometimes expresses himself. I can't understand it."

"I'll go and see what he's doing with the rockeries," said Esther, "for I've a pet project of my own about them."

"Very well, dear," replied her father.

Esther walked round the house, and approached the spot where Fred was busy among the stones of the rockery. He saw her coming, and continued his work busily, merely touching his cap to her when she came up to him, and not daring to raise his eyes.

"Mr. Raymond tells me you are going to make a pretty rockery of your own planning!" said Esther, encouragingly and kindly.

"Yes, miss; I'm goin to try, if you plase."

"I think we shall require some larger and better stones than these," said Esther—"at least to carry out the plan I have in my mind about them. What is your idea?"

"Well, miss, I wouldn't have four of them. I'd have them all into one, and it would be a different shape—not like a big sugarloaf, but spread out like, facin' the house, and raised in the middle, and fallin' away at the sides to two small towers. I'd have all the flowers in bands—very thick at the bottom for a foot or two up, and gettin' thinner, so as to show the rough water-stones more and more, as we get to the top."

Esther [illegible] with [illegible]. It was her [illegible] "How came you to think of this?" [illegible] "Well, ma'am, [illegible] I was [illegible] at the [illegible] by the river side in London, where I [illegible] working through the gardens one day I was there, and he comes up to the gardener there, and said to him—says he, 'Why don't you have a few rockeries, Roberts?' And he draws the thing out on the gravel with his stick, and describes it, as well as I can remember, just as I've told you, ma'am. He was very particular about it, and wishin' Roberts very much to try it."

As Fred spoke this story (which was, of course, a pure invention) he still kept working with the stones; but he had told it with an object, and so, pretending to go round to the other side of the heap of stones, he allowed himself one rapid glance at Esther's face; and that showed him the blush, which his tale had raised, dying away on Esther's cheek, and a half-checked smile of pleasure lingering about her lips.

"Heaven bless her bright face!" said Fred to himself when he saw it; and taking up the heaviest stone near him, he sent it flying away into the near corner of the garden, among the stones he had rejected as unfit—not because this particular stone deserved rejection, but because he was in such a state of excitement that he felt he must have some outlet for his feelings. It was no slight or trivial pleasure to him to find himself so remembered by her. There must have been a good deal of force put into that stone, for, as it struck the wall, it broke into a half a dozen fragments. Esther uttered an exclamation of surprise at the unnecessary vigor and violence of the act, which Fred, with his usual ingenuity, hastened to explain:

"I ax your pardon, ma'am," said Fred. "I thought I saw one of them water-rats among the stones; but I've missed him. If you plare, do you think the rockery will be dacent at all?"

"Oh, yes, I think it will do very well," said Esther, as she walked slowly to another part of the garden. Just at that moment she was not at all inclined for conversation with her gardener, or any one else, and preferred to have the companionship of her own thoughts and reflections. What she had just heard about a young lawyer suggesting *her* plan to the Temple gardener required both solitude and reflection.

"It must have been he," she said to herself; "he has at least remembered my plan. Why should he wish to have it in the Temple Gardens? Perhaps he liked it so much; he said he did. And yet—and yet." And she scarce finished the thought in her mind, but allowed herself to fall into a dreamy state of wonder and vague indefinite pleasure. Then she found herself trying to picture the scene in the Temple Gardens; not that she had ever been in them, but she had heard of them. She knew they were famous for crysanthemums, for she had seen in the papers notices of the shows of these flowers, held in the Temple Gardens, and had often heard them spoken of. She knew, too, that they were on the river's bank, and were surrounded on the side from the river by a great mass of buildings, where barristers had chambers, and that there were curious little courts, with curious names, and narrow passages, and great halls and libraries; and she thought how fresh the flowers and grass must look beside all these dry, gloomy law-buildings, and how pleasant it must be for the barristers to go out there, and wander about now and then smoking! So she drew quite an imaginary picture of the place in her own mind, and almost fixed upon a particular spot—on the grass beside the fountain, which would be a likely place to have a rockery—where Mr. Redestone stood when he suggested her idea to the Temple gardener. She imagined him taking the cigar from his lips, as he drew out the sketch on the grass, and described the shape and height of the rockery, and this very gardener, now working near her, standing beside him. Oh! if she only dared to ask one or two questions, or he would only speak about it and tell her more, so that she might really and certainly know if it was Mr. Redestone. It was all so indefinite and uncertain; and she thought herself so silly and foolish, and said so to herself quite angrily, and was wofully ashamed of her weakness, and yet could not help it. She turned to go into the house, and, as she passed along the walk which wound among some large evergreens, she suddenly and unexpectedly came upon Fred leaning thoughtfully on his spade, and steadily contemplating a bed of most beautiful flowers. He seemed so absorbed as not to notice her, so she said, gently:

"Are you admiring these flowers? We consider them to be very rare, and very fine."

"Yes, Miss; I was thinking they war very pretty." Then, still keeping his eyes fixed on the flower-bed, he continued: "They tell me, ma'am, that there's a meaning in these things, and that they spake a language of their own."

"Yes," she said, "there is a language of flowers."

"I'd like to learn it."

"Why?" asked Miss Raymond.

"Because I think it would be a pretty language to listen to, ma'am, just like some people's voices. There would be nothing ugly or mane in it, and nothing but what was good and beautiful. I think it would be as smooth as cream, as swate as honey, and as soft as the wind among the potatoes on a summer night."

"Oh," said Esther, laughing right out, "you are a regular Irish poet."

"There's some people, ma'am," said Fred, touching his hat, "that a poor fellow can't be near without spakin' poetry in spite of himself."

"Now I've put my foot in it, like a fool," thought Fred the moment the words were out of his lips, "but I could not have helped it to save my life; I'll be turned off for insolence, likely."

But Esther was far too good-natured and sensible to be offended at the silly compliment; so she only laughed, and told him that she saw "he had all the vices of his native country."

"She didn't even frown," said Fred, to himself. "I believe she wouldn't hurt a fly; all things are coming out in her favor, and nothing against her. I'll work off my week, if possible, for I'd rather be near her in these clothes, and doing this work, than be sitting on the woolsack as Lord Chancellor of England."

V

Next morning, after breakfast, when Fred was preparing to resume his garden duties, Bertha, Miss Raymond's lady's-maid, came tripping up to him with an open letter in her hand. Bertha had been rather struck with the handsome and masculine proportions of the new gardener, and, though she considered an under-servant very much beneath her, and quite unworthy of the honor, had indulged her flirting propensities in that quarter—"as there's no one else," she had said, and greatly to the annoyance of Fred, who wished, above all things, to be left alone as much as possible. So, as pretty Miss Bertha came up to him with a merry, saucy smile on her [illegible] Fred awaited the attack with resignation.

"Look [illegible], Mr. Frederick," said she, holding [illegible] you ever see pink paper [illegible] sweeter than all your [illegible]?"

"No," [illegible] Fred [illegible] beautiful! [illegible] sent [illegible]?"

"'Tisn't [illegible] for Missus. She's going [illegible] dinner-party to-morrow, [illegible] in the invitation, [illegible] it in green[illegible], because she [illegible] the [illegible] get. Bless her! [illegible] a [illegible] of flowers to take with her to the dinner. You won't forget [illegible]." And she shook the [illegible] at him.

"Going to dinner in [illegible]," thought Fred. "I wish I knew where!" But he only answered quietly:

"I'll not forget, Miss Bertha; and I'll gather one for you, too—quite as pretty, if you'll let me. I know one flower that would look very pretty in your black hair."

"Go along, sir," said Bertha. "But you may bring it, and let me see it; and maybe, if you behave yourself, I'll accept it."

"I suppose she's going to dine with the Lord Mayor?" said Fred, fishing.

"No, you silly goose. The idea! She's going to dine in —— Square, with some people of your outlandish name—a General O'Melley. I suppose they're relations of yours, Master Frederick?" added she, with a saucy little sneer. "You were all kings once in your country, I believe."

"No," replied Fred. "My ancestors were all gardeners, and always married lady's maids with bright eyes and dark hair. I wouldn't depart from the sacred custom myself, for all the pigs in Ireland!"

"How dare you, sir?" said Bertha, giving Fed a slap, and running into the house.

"A dinner to-morrow, at General O'Melley's," thought Fred, as soon as she had gone. "Good heavens! There surely can't be two General O'Melleys. It must be my poor father's old fellow-soldier. If it is, by St. Patrick, I'll be there!" And as he continued his thoughts the old light shone brightly in his eyes, and he positively trembled with excitement and delight. "I'll risk it," he said. "I'll send a telegram on the chance, and a letter, and a messenger, if I can get one, into the bargain. I haven't seen them for two years. I had forgotten they were coming over from Dublin for a week or two of the London season. What luck! I'll soon find out the number in the square from that girl Bertha, and I know they will make me welcome. To think of meeting her on equal terms again. There is some hope in that, for though this gardening work has given me an opportunity of knowing her real character, it doesn't seem likely to do more. So I'm off to-morrow, and we'll see what can be done at O'Melley's." So Fred, after obtaining the exact address of the O'Melleys from Bertha, made an excuse to go down to the village that forenoon, and sent off his dispatches with a beating heart.

As he was sauntering back by the river-side, he suddenly heard a scream from some one farther down the bank, and on rushing past the intervening bushes, he saw Miss Raymond standing about twenty yards off, close to the edge of the river, with her hands clasped together, a look of agony on her face, and her eyes strained and fixed on the current of the river where it swept past the adjoining promontory.

"What is the matter?" inquired Fred, as he bounded to her side.

"Ruby!" she said. "It's Ruby, drowning! He has gone too far out, and his strength is gone, and he is drowning! My poor Ruby!"

The next moment Fred was in the stream, striking out with a long, full stroke to where poor Ruby was struggling, and sinking every now and then, and being whirled round and round like a cork. Fred was a powerful and practiced swimmer, and the stream took him swiftly toward the drowning dog.

"Oh! he's down—he's down!" cried Esther, as Ruby sank again, and she clung to her father, who had heard her cries and joined her.

"He's down, and he'll be drowned, poor dog!" and she turned away her head, and buried her face on her father's breast.

"Not yet, Esther," said her father. "That man is only three yards now from where it sank. He's diving. By Jove! Well done! He's got it on his shoulder. Ruby is all safe, Esther. How well that rascal swims! I'll give him a sovereign for this."

Fred soon came up dripping wet, and laid Ruby at his mistress's feet, and then, touching his hat, was about to walk away.

"Stay a moment," said Mr. Raymond. "You have done that very pluckily, my good fellow, and deserve a reward. Esther, dear, give him some gold; I haven't my purse."

Fred had made a gesture of dissent when Mr. Raymond put his hand to his pocket; but when Esther, with trembling hand and gentle thanks, held out a gold-piece, he bent his head low as he took it, and, having thanked her, vowed to himself to wear it ever after next his heart.

"Now go in and get dry clothes," said Mr. Raymond.

"Thank your honor," said Fred, as he walked away. "If luck isn't in my way to-day," thought he, as he gave his streaming garments a shake, and crossed the lawn toward the kitchen, "it never was before. I would rather have saved her dog, bless her sweet, tearful face, than have won honor in the Balaklava charge!" From which observation it may be seen that poor Fred was very far gone, indeed, and that his malady was rapidly reaching its crisis.

Perhaps, however, if he had known Esther's thoughts at that moment, his excitement would have been even greater still. For Fred's dip in the river had not only washed off the black patch which he had placed across his face, but had also removed, to a considerable extent, the coloring matter which he had every morning applied to his face with all the consummate skill of an old green-room hand. Esther, even in the midst of her joy at recovering her half-drowned pet, had not failed to observe the marked change which the removal of these disguises had produced in the countenance of the under-gardener; and her heart beat with a feeling half of surprise and half of a sort of terror, as she thought she recognized the features of the man who had of late so much occupied her thoughts. She almost forgot poor Ruby, and, half stunned with amazement, she carried him into the house, handed him to Bertha to be treated as his case required, and then hurried up to her own room—where she locked the door, sank down on a sofa, and sat there breathless and almost fainting with the excitement which this unexpected revelation had produced in her mind. "It was impossible," she thought. "It could not be. It was madness to suppose it." And yet there was the color gone from his face, and a new expression in it as unlike that of Fred, the gardener, as it was like—strikingly like—her friend Mr. Redestone. At last she rose, and moving toward her window, looked out upon the garden. As she gazed dreamily upon the plots of flowers, and saw below her the half-finished work of the man who had saved her dog, the absurdity of the supposition gradually grew upon her mind. It was indeed impossible. Why, there he was coming out from the stables with a slouching walk and a menial air, and so unlike a gentleman in every movement of his body as James, the gardener. The very way in which he was putting his hand on his forehead, and shading his eyes as he looked up to the sky, was so the life the manner of his fellow-servants, and far too natural to be assumed. His face, too, bore not the smallest resemblance to

Mr. Redestone's now; and though the thought passed across her mind that he might have again disguised himself, yet she flattered herself she could at once detect his features under any concealment, and here was not the smallest trace of similarity. So she promptly dismissed the foolish thought, as she called it, and set it down as the product of her fancy acting under the excitement occasioned by the danger which her dog had been in. It was indeed too foolish. She had lately been reading quite a volume about such strange delusions, and doubtless her mind had been infected by reading a lot of nonsense about second-sight, and old wives' stories—so she peremptorily ordered the fancy away, and triumphed over it, at least, for a time. And yet, during the whole of that evening, and all the next forenoon, the "fancy" would assert itself as a fact, and she could not get rid of it. She was afraid even to step out into the garden, lest she should meet him face to face, and recognise her lover in that menial dress. Not that she would have despised him—not that she resented in her heart the boldness of the man who would so humble himself for her sake. On the contrary, there was a feeling of pride in her bosom as she thought of this devotion; but she feared to meet him face to face, and dared not run the risk. It was still in this state of doubt and fear that Esther, on the day after Ruby's danger, called her maid to her room and prepared to dress for the dinner-party at the O'Melleys.

VI.

Late in the afternoon of the day which followed Ruby's misadventure, Fred quietly walked out of the gate of the villa, and, without saying anything to any one in the house as to where he was going, took the train to London, reached his chambers in the Temple, and again assumed the habiliments of his class. "Well," soliloquized he, as he kicked off his heavy boots, and threw his assumed disguise into a corner, "I feel a sensation like something between coming out of a green-room and coming out of a dream. Egad, but it was hot work, too! What with manual labor all day, and boiling excitement, and constant expectation, and the fear of detection, and one thing and another, my life has been a perfect whirlwind these last few days."

At half-past seven o'clock that same evening, Fred Redestone was in the drawing-room of General O'Melley, cordially shaking hands with Mr. Raymond (who had been introduced to him at the dinner-party of a month ago, where Fred had first met Miss Raymond), who "remembered Mr. Redestone well, very well, indeed," said Mr. Raymond, as he shook hands again with Fred. "My daughter, Mr. Redestone. Ah! you know each other. Of course. What am I thinking of? She was at that very pleasant dinner also."

And so it was that Fred came to greet his late master and mistress, not without very peculiar feelings, and a strong desire to indulge in a hearty laugh. He had explained matters, so far, to General O'Melley, and confessed his passion for Miss Raymond; but he had carefully avoided mentioning anything about the gardening escapade. The old general had given him a very hearty reception, and wished him all success, and promised to say "all sorts of things in your favor to Raymond, and win him, at least. The young lady I leave you to manage yourself, you young rascal!" With which affectionate and complimentary remark the old general walked away, to attend to his other guests.

When Miss Raymond had seen Fred enter the drawing-room, her bewilderment was beyond expression. It was not then, after all, Mr. Redestone who had been playing the part of under-gardener down at the villa. She had been the victim of a weak, girlish delusion, when she imagined that this barrister, learned in the law, had stepped down from his professional pedestal to do the menial work of an under-servant for her sake. Here he was, occupying his proper position in social life, dressed as a gentleman, probably fresh from his unromantic labors of reading briefs and pleading in courts of law, in which he had as probably been quietly engaged ever since she had last seen him, weeks and weeks ago, without bestowing even one thought upon her foolish, silly self. As for the much-thought-of under gardener, he was probably at that very moment taking his supper in the kitchen at the villa with Jane, the cook, and the other servants. She was quite angry at herself for having allowed herself to be so deceived, and resolved to be very stiff and prim in her manner to the gentleman who had been the cause of her folly.

Fred was determined to make the most of his opportunity, and having previously arranged with the host that he should have charge of Miss Raymond, he offered her his arm on dinner being announced, and led her down-stairs. "Now, if one might only be allowed to keep that for good!" thought Fred, as he looked down at the little gloved-hand resting on his arm.

He had determined that during dinner he should make no special advances to Miss Raymond. So he merely spoke of his past life, his relations and friends, and of his profession, tastes, and likings. "It's just as well," thought Fred, "that she should know as much as I can tell her, about me and mine, and so I shall enlighten her, even at the risk of appearing egotistical." He could not, however, when the conversation reverted to her home and country occupations, resist throwing in a remark, which, by the knowledge it implied on his part of the domestic arrangements at the villa, completely mystified Esther. "However," said Fred, mentally, "I'll reserve the full fire of that battery till a later period; for *it's quite clear* I can neither make horticultural confession in a satisfactory manner, nor make love in the close proximity of neighbors at a dinner table."

So the dinner passed off innocently enough, so far as actual love-making was concerned—Fred talking in his usual merry strain, and Esther responding to his sallies, and answering his many questions, with her usual prettiness and vivacity; but, at the same time, with a feeling of doubt and mystification which gradually produced in her mind the conviction that she was dreaming. At one moment the utter absurdity of her foolish supposition struck her so forcibly, that she scouted it as madness; but at the next, the tone of his voice, or a look of his eye would so vividly recall Fred O'Melley, her under-gardener, to her mind, that she trembled with doubt and confusion. At last she gave the matter up in despair, and resigned herself to dinner and talk, determining to think it all over upstairs after dinner, when she would not be interrupted in the endeavor to solve the perplexing problem by the necessity of answering questions, and taking her part in conversation. So she banished the subject from her mind, and listened to his easy talk, as he rattled over a number of his foreign adventures, or spoke of his old home and earlier life, and lightly threw off his opinions and criticisms upon different subjects. "He talks so well," she said to herself, when the ladies had ascended to the drawing-room, "and so easily. He laughs at and satirises things and people, apparently so carelessly, and yet so cleverly. And sometimes, too, with all his light banter and wit, he seems to feel so deeply when he talks of what he admires and reverences. How different his whole manner and tones were when he was laughing at poor Miss Eddy's songs, false hair and powder, and when he spoke of his favorite books, and of the great man he esteemed! He is so gentle, too, and seems somehow almost to caress one with his words. And yet he is so deferential and respectful. Oh! I can't make out this mystery; it's no use trying any more. How I wish some one would ask me to oblige them with a little music! I should like to play something with terrible heavy execution and a great deal of pedal." And Esther tapped her little hand impatiently with her fan.

Half an hour later, Esther was sitting at the piano, while Fred stood beside her, turning over the leaves of her music as she played or sang.

"Thanks for that song, Miss Raymond," said he, as she finished singing. "'*Non è ver*' is one of my favorites. It really has given me great pleasure to hear you sing it. I suppose you sing a great deal at the villa? It passes the idle hours so easily."

"I do sing there, Mr. Redestone; but as for idle hours, you town people seem to think that unless a person is over a desk, or in a court, and five miles away from anything like nature, there is nothing in the world to do."

"Pardon me," said Fred; "I forgot there was gardening. Have you had leisure to carry out your grand idea of a rockery?"

"Now, Mr. Redestone, that is too bad, laughing at my poor little plan! You men are too severe, and most unreasonable. Whenever we women remain passive, go to church, manage our households, and 'don't interfere with things we don't understand,' you look upon us as a sort of refined, well-dressed, and so far entertaining lower animal, which ought to be patronized, and occasionally petted. But the moment we start an idea of our own, down comes the heavy cavalry of solid male sense and hard reason, and ungenerously cuts us all to pieces!"

"Well, the 'heavy cavalry' is fairly discomfited on this occasion, and begs for mercy and forgiveness. But I really do wish to know how the work progresses? Believe me, I take an interest in it, and, if I dared, would go down and construct it for you myself."

"It's a pity you didn't offer sooner then, Mr. Redestone, for we have been obliged to get an additional gardener for a week to carry on the great work. What would you say to sixteen shillings a week, with bed, board, and lodging?"

"Supposing a man were asked that by the girl he loved, and he not only said 'Yes,' but went and did the work for her sake, and in order that he should be near her—associating with the menials of the household, and undertaking the labors of a common workman—what would you think of him?"

There was the very slightest touch of seriousness in the way Fred put this question which made Esther's face lose color for an instant. But she shook off the momentary feeling, and answered:

"Well, I should think he would be a very strange lover—*not* to be found in this matter-of-fact century of strong common sense."

"You would respect his sincerity, then," said Fred, "and not laugh at his apparent degradation and folly?"

"No, certainly not," replied Esther. "But what a question, Mr. Redestone! Are you thinking of winning some young lady's heart by digging potatoes and carting turnips? You should really publish a book on the subject, entitled, 'Covent Garden Bouquets Retired in Disgrace—Brocoli and Brussels Sprouts Promoted!'"

"Who is being satirical now?" said Fred, laughing. "But, seriously, I am to have the pleasure of seeing this famed villa of yours. Your father has been kind enough to ask me to go down on Saturday and inspect it."

Esther bent her head, and said she would be glad to do the honors to "so distinguished and critical a guest," and promised even to let him see the rising rockery. "And I'll introduce you to another of our household," added she; "the most important one in it—my dog Ruby. Poor thing! it was nearly drowned yesterday, and would have been, had not our under-gardener plunged into the Thames and saved it."

"Do you know what he did with your reward?" said Fred, in low tones, and with a peculiar smile. As he spoke he put his hand to his breast, and showed, just for a moment, the piece of gold which Esther had given him attached to a silk ribbon, and suspended from his neck.

Esther started as if she had received a great shock, and turned as pale as death. Then she forced the trembling words out almost in a whisper, scarcely knowing what she said:

"Mr. Redestone, what does this mean?"

"Esther!" said her father, now coming up in a hurry. "The horses have been waiting half an hour, and we cannot keep them a moment longer. Come, dear, we must go."

Fred offered his arm to Miss Raymond to lead her to her carriage, and when they had reached the hall, and whilst Mr. Raymond, who had forgotten something, ran upstairs to fetch it, Fred spoke:

"You asked, just now, what my having this token meant, Miss Raymond? It means that there *is* a man, even in this hard century, who has done a thing of which he is half ashamed, but which he shall never regret; who would count all toil pleasure if for the sake of the woman he loved, and who would risk his life—not once, and for gold, but ever, and freely—to gain, and to keep, her dear heart. Miss Raymond," continued Redestone, hurriedly, as he heard Mr. Raymond returning down stairs, "I have scarcely a right to speak thus to you. I have no right to ask a reply now. But I trust you will forgive my foolishness, and my rashness, and perhaps answer me gently some day—even if it should not be as I wish."

Redestone's passionate words had been so hurried, and her father had joined them so immediately after they were spoken, that Esther could not possibly have answered them, even had she thought it right to do so. But her poor heart was beating very fast, and her little hand trembled very much upon Fred's arm as he led her to the carriage. When she shook hands with him, she did manage to say the words "Good-night;" and Fred's whole face was lit up with a glad joy as he noted that it was not in unkind or offended tones that she spoke the words.

"Good-night, Mr. Redestone," said Mr. Raymond, as they were driving off; "don't forget Saturday!"

As Mr. Raymond settled himself comfortably among the cushions of his carriage, he observed to his daughter: "A very pleasant young man, that Mr. Redestone. After you ladies retired he sat next to me, and I had a long talk with him. General O'Melley, it seems, was a great friend of his father's, and served with him in India. Fine old fellow, that general! Brave man! Keeps good port!" And Mr. Raymond then became silent, and pleasantly meditative, as he recalled the hearty old general's conversation, and thought of the wonderful flavor of that last bottle of wine. Suddenly, however, he woke up, and said:

"By-the-by, Esther, I've asked Mr. Redestone down to lunch with us on Saturday. He's very fond of gardening, he says, and evidently knows something about it. So I thought I'd let him see ours, though it's a pity it's not quite in order yet."

Esther's heart had begun to beat very fast when she heard this announcement from her father of Fred's intended visit; but the darkness hid the color which had rushed into her cheek, and before her father had finished speaking, she had sufficient command over her voice to answer, with apparent unconcern:

"Very well, papa. Lunch first, I suppose, and gardening after. Performance to commence at half-past two o'clock precisely. Will that do?"

"Yes, dear—that will do very well," said Mr. Raymond; and then he added, with a puzzled air and tone: "Do you know, Esther, it strikes me that I've seen Mr. Redestone's features elsewhere than at those two parties? But I can't think where."

Esther could not help smiling at this, and, making some commonplace reply, she drew her shawl more closely over her face, and remained very silent during the rest of the drive home, reflecting upon Fred's strange adventure, and his last ardent words.

VII.

"Hallo, Fred!" said Travers, as the former burst into his chamber, on the morning after the O'Melley's party. "Back from the country. What news? Have you been dismissed from your situation, old fellow?"

"Not quite," replied Fred; "but I have taken French leave."

Then Fred told his old friend all that had happened down at the villa, and what he had spoken to Esther the night before; and was very anxious and serious over it, so much so that Travers gave up his usual bantering style, and spoke to him quite quietly and kindly.

"My dear old boy," he said, "why be downcast when you have succeeded so well? You've done wonders—far more than I ever dreamt you would do in so short a time. When I told you to trust to the chapter of accidents, I never imagined you would make so much out of one little chance. Everything has prospered. The lady is not offended, or standing on the 'proprieties;' and that's good, because it shows she is not an ordinary silly girl, who can't see a true passion through a strange escapade. From the way she's taken it, I should say your chances are good. She ought, too, to feel gratitude toward the man who ran some little risk of life to save even such a trifling thing as a dog for the sake of his mistress. Never fear! Go down on Saturday with a brave heart, and all will be well."

Fred, however, was not to be calmed, or much comforted, by words. He saw, and exaggerated, all his chances of failure. Bold and venturesome, he, for the first time in his life, felt something akin to a positive *fear*; and those merry frank eyes of his had a look of anxious care in them which his friend never had seen there before. However, he had said he was to go down to the villa on the Saturday; and, of course (though he looked forward to the visit very nervously), he never thought of altering that arrangement. The intermediate time he got through with the help of his friend Travers, who took him out boating and riding, and listened to Fred's doubts and fears, and as he said, "quite made a martyr of himself in the cause of friendship, morning, noon and night."

At three o'clock on the afternoon of the appointed Saturday, Fred pulled the great bell of Mr. Raymond's villa, and entered the grounds by the gateway through which he had last passed dressed in the garments of a servant of the establishment.

"It's very odd," said Fred to *himself*, with a smile, as he passed through the garden, and saw James busy among the flower-pots. "It's a very odd sensation being received by one's fellow-servants with such respect and deference. I don't think that fellow would touch his hat so respectfully if he could recognize me."

But the next instant he was met by Mr. Raymond, who shook him by the hand, and gave him a most cordial welcome. "My daughter is in doors, Mr. Redestone," he said, "and will be glad to welcome you presently. Pray step in. Down, Ruby—down, sir! Why, Mr. Redestone, that dog seems to know you."

"Nice dog," said Fred, carelessly, as he patted Ruby, and stepped into the villa.

"It was all but drowned the other day," said Mr. Raymond; "and had it not been for an Irish fellow, who worked in the garden here, jumping in after it and saving it, we should have lost poor Ruby. A most extraordinary fellow, that Irishman, by-the-way! He was engaged here for a week; and the other night, when we came home from the O'Melley's, we found he had levanted before his time had expired, and, strange to say, without taking away any of our goods and chattels with him, as I at first feared was likely. He left a note for me, begging pardon, explaining that he was obliged to leave for some outlandish reason, and requesting that his wages might be given to the head-gardener. I never heard of such a thing. He has been getting letters, too, it seems, daily, directed to him at the post-office, to be called for. I fear he's one of those Fenian rascals; though I liked the fellow well enough, too."

Fred bit his lip, to keep in the almost irresistible laugh, and then rose to shake hands with Miss Raymond, who now entered the room.

Poor Esther was in a dreadful state of confusion, and her face got red and white by turns, in spite of herself. However, as they almost immediately went in to lunch, her duties as hostess occupied her, and helped her a good deal. Mr. Raymond did most of the speaking; and, though Fred's efforts at conversation were rather spasmodic, and very unlike his usual easy flow of talk, the meal passed off well enough. After lunch Mr. Raymond asked Fred to go out with him to the garden, and inspect the flowers. "My daughter," he said, "will join us after she writes one or two letters which I wish sent off at once." So Esther was left in the house, and the two gentlemen went out into the garden.

"Now or never," thought Fred; "I must not lose this opportunity."

"Mr. Raymond," he said, aloud, "I have come down here, on your kind invitation, to see your beautiful villa and grounds; but my main object was a very much more serious one—to ask your permission to propose for the hand of your daughter."

It must be admitted that Fred had the knack of going very directly to the point; and so Mr. Raymond thought, as he answered:

"You do surprise me, Mr. Redestone, very much indeed; for though, to tell you the truth, my old friend O'Melley gave me a hint that something of that kind was going on"—("The traitor!" muttered Fred between his teeth; "it's a good thing I did not let the general into the secret of my gardening exploit!")—"I never dreamt of anything so precipitate as this."

Then Fred pressed his suit long and urgently, and appealed to Mr. Raymond more eloquently and more powerfully than ever he had done, or could do, to a jury. It would have required very strong objections, and a very stubborn heart, successfully to resist his earnest pleading. There was no doubting the honest look in that flushed and handsome face, and the genuine feeling ringing in those words. Mr. Raymond felt his objections gradually being overthrown, in spite of all he could say—not by Fred's arguments, but simply by the force and power of his passion, as it shone in his eyes and sounded in his tones. He had quite taken a liking to Fred the first time they met, and the liking had increased each time he saw him. His kindly and genial heart was touched as he listened to Redestone so eagerly urging his suit; and at last he fairly gave way, and thus answered Fred's appeal:

"Though I have known you for so short a time, Mr. Redestone, yet, to speak frankly, I know all about you and your family and position, both from General O'Melley and from others; and while I think a little time for you to know each other would be advantageous, yet I do not forbid you to address my daughter as you desire."

Fred was most profuse in his thanks, and fairly won Mr. Raymond's heart by the way in which he expressed his gratitude.

"If my daughter," thought Mr. Raymond "can resist that kind of pleading, it's a deal more than I can. But they're curious creatures, women—curious creatures; all susceptibility in some matters, and as hard and unimpressionable as iron in others. The way in which my poor wife—bless her!—listened to me proposing three separate times to win her before she would even give me an answer, is a thing I never could understand, and don't to this day."

Very soon after, Esther joined the gentlemen in the lawn. Mr. Raymond, true to his promise, made some excuse, and, greatly to the consternation of Esther, left her alone with Fred. Redestone saw that she was agitated, and knew, too, that his time might be limited; so he made a bold plunge into his petition without preface.

"Miss Raymond," he said, "you know what I feel toward you. You must think me bold as well as foolish, but I trust to your generosity and forgiveness. I have sought your father's permission to address you as you know I wish, and he has consented. I now come to you with my humble request for your hand. I know I am unworthy. I can scarce believe that I dare hope, but I am urged on by a love which will not be stayed. I seek from you, I beg of you, what is far more dear to my heart than all the honors I may win, and than every happiness that can befall me."

As Esther listened to these words, her face was very pale. Very different feelings were struggling and contending within her heart; for while she could not but feel glad to be wooed so ardently, yet could she say that she really loved him? Did she really know her own heart in the matter? Could she think of promising to wed this impetuous lover, on so short a knowledge of him? Nay, was it maidenly or right, even if she did favor his suit, that her hand should be thus lightly given? True, it was not a month since she had first met him. True, not a day of all that time had passed without her thinking of him—even admiringly and kindly. True, also, that during the past night she had not slept at all as she lay thinking, not without a feeling of pride, of the passionate words in which he had spoken his love, and of the story of his devotion (wild and reckless though it was) which he had revealed. He had proved the truth of his affection by braving the risks and shame of discovery and ridicule, as few men would have dared to do. "Yet," she thought, "he might have restrained even his wild impassioned nature for a time, before he asked me for an answer so suddenly and so rashly." Her maidenly pride was offended, and came to her assistance; and though her face was very white, and her expression fixed and formal, she answered, slowly and with dignity, and with a strange coldness in her tones.

"Mr. Redestone, I cannot but be flattered by what you have said; but is it right that you should speak so rashly to one you know so slightly, and who has become acquainted with you only so very recently? You must pardon me if I say that you do not sufficiently consider your own position, or what is due to the person—whoever she may be—whom you so address."

The words had scarcely passed her lips when she felt how cruel they were—how, in their strict and stern justice, they ignored utterly all the little palliations of poor Fred's case. She thought how freely and generously—even if rashly, and so far inconsiderately toward her—he had given her his whole love his proved affection, and how he had trusted to her not piercing the heart he laid bare with words of coldness and of selfish pride. She had not even uttered one word of kindness, or gentle pity, to soften the bitterness of his pain. Surely maiden pride, and a mere feeling of offended dignity, were not to be maintained at such a cost of suffering, and ought to give way somewhat before a love which forgot, not only pride, but position and station, in the ardor and honesty of its fullness and strength!

Fred's face fell, and he walked slowly on beside Miss Raymond, with the folly of his rashness and inconsiderateness fully disclosed to his mind. He felt that he ought to have thought of this sooner. He felt that his passion had carried him too far and too fast, and that he had been shamefully blinded to what was due to the woman he loved. So, in a low, and trembling and sorrowful voice, he spoke his regret and apology—

"Miss Raymond, you are right—as I believe you ever are and must be. I humbly seek your pardon for my rude and hasty love. It is true I do not need to know you more, for I know well the nature and goodness of the prize I seek to win. But I wrongly thought that in my words and acts you might have seen enough to judge me, and thinking that, and loving you so dearly, I could scarcely bear to live and not know my fate!"

There was such a look of pain in Fred's face, and a tone of such agony in his voice, that every word cut Esther to the heart. She could not bear to think that it was her words of merciless self-assertion which produced this pain. She was right enough in what she had said, if she had only said it more gently and kindly. And after all she did love him. She knew it now, at this instant, while he was speaking to her—clearly and surely, as she had never known it or acknowledged it to herself before; and as her heart melted with pain at his sorrow the tears rose in her eyes.

Redestone stopped suddenly before her, his eyes now lit up with new hopes, as he said to her—

"You do pity me, then, Miss Raymond, and I would fain hope you may some day learn to love me. Do not still call me bold and rude, but let me take this hand, to guard and to keep till you say me nay again. Do not think unworthily of me, but trust my heart to love you faithfully until it beats no more upon this earth."

Esther had covered her face, and tried to hide her tears with her handkerchief, when he stayed her on the gravel walk; and as he took her hand gently in his own, she did not take it back from him, but allowed him to press it ardently to his heart and to his lips. Need more be said? Esther's hand was given, and her heart pledged; and with the summer sun shining down upon those two bright figures by the river side, the curtain falls upon the final scene of the last act of "Fred Redestone's Escapade."

☞ A cautious old bachelor, who is aware that the present year is leap-year, says: "If you meet a young lady who is not very shy, you had better be a little shy yourself."

☞ The Belfast Journal says there is a man in that city whose boots are so large that he can't turn around in much less space than a quarter of an acre. He got stuck on the depot grounds the other day, and they had to put him on the turn-table to set him pointed right.

☞ The First Napoleon asked, with exquisite nonchalance, "What is history but a fable agreed upon?"

☞ A California court has granted a divorce to a husband on the ground that he was insane when he married. The Judge has the immediate prospect of an immense business, and the Pacific Railroad Company is making provision for an extraordinary travel westward during the spring.

☞ We may yet be condemned to hear a teacher call herself a teachist, a barber a barbist, a broker a brokist, or perhaps to see a fond creature described as a creatchist; but may we never live to address her who was the idol of our earliest love and later reverence as our motherist.

ITEMS OF INTEREST.

☞ A careful observer of society events in this city estimates that the first sunny spring morning will show at least 2,500 "Dolly Vardens" on Chestnut street.

☞ A pretty white chip, trimmed with sea-foam green, is now proposed to young blonds, to be worn on the spot once appropriated by our remote female ancestors to the hat and bonnet.

☞ "My son," said a tutor of doubtful morality but severe aspect, putting his hand on the boy's shoulder, "I believe Satan has got hold of you." "I believe so too," was the reply.

☞ The women of Damascus, Illinois, take part in the discussions of the Farmer Club meeting. A recent conundrum was, "Shall we dress for comfort or for show?" It was of course decided to dress for comfort, and then they all went away, and at the next meeting each appeared with a "three-decker" head-dress and a "Dolly Varden" suit.

☞ Knoxville, Tenn., is so healthy, that the undertakers go about the streets and despairingly ask those whom they meet, "Ain't you dead yet?"

☞ A New York lady, lately from Europe, states that a new gait of going, called the Tichborne crawl, after the well-know tradition of Mabella's doll, is coming into fashion among English ladies. It will probably be introduced here to take the place of the nearly obsolete Grecian bend.

☞ Seeing the girls by moonlight is now called meet-er-ology. It is regarded as a tune with a very pleasant sort of a metre.

☞ A young lady of Staunton, Virginia, keeps a list of her male acquaintances in a pocket-diary, and calls it her devotional him-book.

☞ An inconsolable widower endeavored thus vainly to express himself upon the tombstone of his wife:

"Tears cannot recall her—therefore we weep."

☞ A. T. Stewart worries along on between fifty and sixty millions.

☞ The rats in Cleveland breweries have jolly carousals at night, and get as drunk as humans.

☞ In the Lake City, anything that occurred there before the recent terrible disaster is always referred to as having happened "in Chicago B. F."—before the fire.

☞ A leading journal in Indiana characterizes a contemporary editor as "a diabolical slayer of steamboat clerks, a hump-backed, hollow-eyed, hammer-headed hog, and a miserable, mangy, bench-legged coyote."

☞ Daily newspaper paragraphing is getting to be fearfully abbreviated. Here is a specimen recording a death: "Clay Spencer, colored; pint of Memphis whisky."

☞ "Let me see," said a Chicago boss-mason reflectively to a burnt-out merchant, "have got to put up a block for Brown, this morning, and a dwelling-house, this afternoon, for Smith. Yes, I guess we can jerk up your store this noon by takin' only half an hour's noonin'."

☞ A colt without eyes, and no place to put eyes, was born in Dubuque, Iowa, recently.

☞ A hotel in Grape street, Syracuse, before which there is a large watering-trough, has a sign bearing the suggestive words: "Milkmen's Retreat."

☞ A peripatetic doctor makes his home at New London, Ct., who goes about from house to house hawking his nostrums. He opens the door and sings out, "Anybody in here got the rheumatism, coughs, colds, neuralgia, heart-disease, or anything else?" When told "No," he responds "Glad of it," bangs the door, and moves on.

☞ A Wisconsin woman has done all the family sewing for twenty years with a paper of needles which was presented to her on her wedding day. Though her family is large, the needles are not all used up yet.

☞ A careful inquiry among druggists reveals the fact that there are in New York city about 5,000 confirmed users of opium in its various forms of sulphate of morphia, laudanum, and the crude root. The ranks of these inebriates embrace all classes of society, from the lady of Fifth avenue to John Chinaman of Baxter street.

☞ An Indianapolis paper calls the inhabitants of a sister city "Terra Hautentots."

☞ A returned traveller talks about eating monkey cutlet and parrot pies in South America.

☞ "Have you got the Galaxy?" said a purchaser to a new clerk in one of our periodical stores. "No, ma'am, I am perfectly well; never had anything but the measles in my life."

☞ "Mister, where are you going with that horse?" asked a gentleman of a suspicious-looking man, whom he met on horseback. "Well, I haint agoing nowhere with him," said the other, "but he is going somewhere with me."

☞ We hear a great deal about labor reform, but there seems to be a greater need of reforming some of those fellows who don't labor.

☞ "I am afraid," said a lady to her husband, "that I am going to have a stiff neck." "Not at all improbable, my dear," replied her spouse, "I have seen strong symptoms of it ever since we were married."

☞ The prima donna Laura Harris had bouquets weighted with doubloons thrown to her at Madrid. She must think that kind of devotion "pays."

☞ The dam of the famous trotting horse Goldsmith Maid is doing duty in a milk wagon near Port Jarvis, N. Y., while her daughter is queen of the turf in America.

☞ A veritable Rip Van Winkle has just turned up in Chicago. He formerly lived in that city, but had latterly taken up his abode somewhere among the owls and bitterns of Nebraska. The other day he returned to the scenes of his former life and desired to "put up" at the City Hotel, and was amazed to learn that that respectable establishment and a very large share of the rest of the city had been burned up. The rest of the city was not of much consequence in his mind, but he was truly grieved that the City Hotel was gone, and exclaimed, "Ef I'd a known o' this, I wouldn't come to Chicager. The only part of the 'tarnel town I know'd anything about is gone up."

☞ Mr. Quilp objected to his physician's prescription to run down the street every day, on the ground that it was an excellent street, and he didn't like to injure his good reputation.

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ONLY A WISH. By A. M. [illegible], author of [illegible] etc., etc.
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SOCIETY FIBS.

Truth is truth. And everything else is something else, no matter whether it be uttered by the prim lips of a *diplomat* or the budding mouth of a young beauty. You may call paste diamond, but that does not make it less paste or more diamond. You may call a lie "a fib," but it is a lie all the same. You may whitewash a mud wall, but that does not change the mud into marble or granite. "White lies" are *lies* even if they be white as lilies.

It is wrong to give mitigating names to bad things. It begets a color-blindness in morality. It breeds loose ideas of right. It is uncharitable to one's self. Why call a lie "a fib?" The words are of the same length. Each is as easy of utterance as the other. The former has this advantage over the latter, that it conveys to the hearer a distinct idea, the very idea which is in the mind of the speaker. "Fib" is the exact synonym of "lie," or it is not. If it is, then we have already assigned a reason for preference of the latter word. If it is not, what does it mean? It is supposed to signify a proposition which is neither a lie nor a truth? There is no such thing. The word leads to the supposition that there is, and therefore is bad.

What, then, are we to do in society? We must always be truthful. Can we be so and not be rude? Most certainly. There comes that dreadful bore whose company is so disagreeable. Just before he enters two acquaintances have been discussing him, that is to say, not quite cursing him. Why should they "gush" at his entrance? Why should they take him in their arms in rapture? Will that cure him? Will it not confirm him in his intolerable habits? They suppose that they have been polite. They will relieve themselves by malediction on him when he shall have departed. It would be better to sit still in silent martyrdom until his heart became touched with a sense of your sufferings. That might cure him. If it did not, it would save your conscience.

"Not at home," says the servant to the visitor. But the lady *is* at home. She is deep in a novel which she must finish. How could she die in case if she should be called to depart this life, without knowing which of the characters married and which were killed? She certainly has the right to prefer her book to her visitor, but she has no right to put a lie in the mouth of her servant. It simply teaches the servant that the mistress regards a lie as no offence. When the maid practices on the mistress what the mistress has taught the maid to practice on visitors, what has the mistress to say? Will she turn off her servant and refuse to give her a "character?" Will she state that she discharged her because she was untruthful? Who brought that servant to be so?

If it be replied that no one is deceived by "society fibs," then the answer is ready: Why use them? Why not state the facts? The visitor can take no offence if the person shall return word that he or she is engaged and will appoint a time when the visitor may call.

It cannot be said that no one is injured. No lie can be uttered with whatever concomitant of wit or suavity which does not hurt the utterer's character and reputation. Men come to learn that the "fibber" is not quite trustworthy, to say the least.

"Fibs" to children are outrages on the innocent. When Dr. Chalmers was staying at a great house where there was much company, a lady was desirous of hearing his conversation through the evening, but her child was sleepy. The mother accompanied the little one to the chamber, and soon returned to the drawing-room, where she boasted of her quick success by the strategem of putting on her gown and night-cap, and seeming to go to bed with the child, and the *ruse* had the desired effect. The good and great doctor had the moral courage to rebuke her for letting the last thing which the child heard from its mother be a lie.

A gentleman made it a rule to have his children hear nothing but truth, if practicable. A visitor endeavored to coax a reluctant child to come to him, promising her a trinket which hung to his watch-chain. The child yielded. When the visitor rose to go, the father reminded him of his promise. O, he had no such intention! It was just a playful fib! The trinket was a costly piece of jewelry! "You should not have promised, but having promised, you are bound to do as you said. I never permit lies to be told to my children. For the whole value of your piece of jewelry I would not have my child suppose that I could encourage the visits of a 'liar.'" He gave the trinket. It was a severe lesson. I say nothing as to the propriety of the father's course, but the visitor should not have "fibbed" to the child.—*Baldwin's Monthly.*

◆

The Things that Make Men.—It is not the best things—that is, the things which we call best—that make men; it is not the pleasant things; it is not the calm experiences of life; it is life's rugged experiences, its tempests, its trials. The discipline of life is here good and there evil, here trouble and there joy, here rudeness and there smoothness, one working with the other; and the alternations of the one and the other which necessitate adaptations, constitute a part of that education which makes a man a man, in distinction from an animal, which has no education. The successful man invariably bears the marks of the struggles which he has had to undergo on his brow.

◆

Education and Books.—The first use of education is to enable us to consult with the wisest and greatest of men on all points of earnest difficulty. To use books rightly, is to go to them for help; to appeal to them, when our own knowledge and power of thought have failed; to be led by them into wider sight, purer conception than our own, and receive from them the united sentence of the judges and councils of all time, against our solitary and unstable opinion.—*Ruskin.*

◆

☞ A baby had the misfortune to swallow the contents of an ink bottle. Its mother, with remarkable presence of mind, [illegible]

IN SPRING.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY EBEN E. REXFORD.

The blue-bird carols by the fern
  His happy, little bubbling song,
To see the hawthorn-blossoms burn
  On branches that were bare so long.

The hill's high summits far away,
  Blend dimly with the purple sky,
And sunshine of this golden day
  Drops benedictions from on high.

I wander down a sunny slope,
  And think of one who walked with me,
When life beat high with love and hope,
  What time the spring last touched the lea.

"In many spring-time days to be,"
  He said,—I hear his voice again,
"I hope to walk these paths with thee!
  How sweet this spring of springs hath been."

I wander down the paths, and oh!
  My heart beats fast with grief and pain,
For one who never more will go
  Adown these paths with me again.

I see the wind-flower in the grass,
  And gather for his lowly grave
The violets nodding as I pass;
  A love to such sweet things he gave.

We loved the blossoms and the birds,
  And listening to the singing brooks;
To him they spoke delightful words;
  And nature taught him from her books.

Oh, Earth, he loved you passing well,
  And now, oh now! he loveth rest,
That he might sleep and slumber well,
  We brought him to your gentle breast.

Ah, bring your blossoms and your birds
  To make his slumbering more sweet,
And sing to him your sweetest words
  To make his peace at last complete.

THE AMERICAN VOICE.

We hear a great deal about it, as well as a great deal from it! Foreigners who come here have a great deal to say about its peculiarity. We ourselves, when we go into other countries, find that no people speak as we speak. When we come home we are shocked at our instinctive dislike of our countrymen's tones. We feel as if universal catarrh had seized the nation; everybody sounds as if he were haunted by an uncanny demon of a steam-engine, and were trying to outscream it, and we too begin to bemoan ourselves over the 'American voice.'

There is no such thing as the American voice. People may talk as much and learnedly as they please and can, about the thinness of our air, its stimulating quality, the prevalence of disorders of the mucous membrane of American heads and noses, and so on. This is all nonsense. It is only the American habit of speaking which is at fault. It is our national mis-use of organs which are just as good as any organs of speech.

Three facts, open to every one's observation, prove this. First, all little children, first beginning to speak, speak in low, sweet voices. No observant person familiar with children can fail to find this out.

Secondly, a large proportion of the Americans who spend a year or two in Europe, return with the fixed habit of speaking on a much lower key than they used before.

Thirdly, there are some of our countrywomen and a few of our countrymen, who, without ever having been abroad, and without any other training than that resulting of necessity from a fastidious, sensitive, impressionable nature, born to culture and breeding, do habitually speak in a low and well-modulated voice, with articulations which are a pleasure and not a perplexity to hear.

But the fact still remains, glaring, indisputable, mortifying that the average American has a voice and intonation which tortures sensitive ears, which identifies him instantly and unmistakably in any quarter of the globe, and which go very far, much farther than his self-esteem lets him suspect, to stamp him as a barbarian in the eyes of refined and courteous people of all nations. "I heard American voices in this room, and came in to see if you were here," said a kindly English woman to us, once, in a room of the Vatican, little dreaming of the stab concealed under her cordial words. In fact, it was probably so fixed a point of distinction and recognition in her mind that she had no consciousness of having said an unpleasant thing.

There is no reason, not the least reason, why, in a single generation, this national fault should not be cured. If people would only take half the pains to teach their children to speak in proper and pleasing tones of voice that they do to teach them to speak in correct language, it would be accomplished. For all the forces of nature are arrayed on the side of the low and gentle tone. It is positively a wonder that so sweet an instrument as the human voice can be in so many instances made harsh and dissonant. But nature does not recognize grammar. Screeching outrages her. Talking through the nose is an impudent violation of her plain intent, but double negatives do not offend her; and of nominative cases she takes small heed.

A child's habitual tone and articulation becomes fixed much earlier than parents realize. Very often a mother wakes up to the realization of the fault after it is almost impossible to correct it. But in this, as in all things, mere precept is of small account. Not long since, a lady said to us, apologetically, of her little son, "I can't imagine where Charles gets this horrid habit of screaming so. I suppose all the boys at school must do it."

We embraced the opportunity to speak vigorously and at length on the subject of the careless slip-shod, noisy, disagreeable speech so universal in America. But if we had been absolutely truthful, and restrained by no fear, we should have replied:

"Dear madam! what could you expect? You yourself and your husband speak habitually in just as false a key. You pitch your voices an octave or more too high. You do not speak very loudly, to be sure, because you are pretty old, and very often tired, and you have been told that it is vulgar to speak too loud. But the voice which you call a scream in your son is only your own voice with the animal spirits and strength of a robust boy added to it!"

There are some things, many things, which we cannot have in America; not yet, at any rate. We have not leisure, and our roots have not struck deep enough; but low, gentle, pleasing tones we can have. We come of the stock which has the lowest tones and sweetest voices in the world. We breathe better air than we left behind. Let us put it to better use, and remove from us this unnecessary but too well justified reproach as to our speech.—*Hearth and Home.*

ENCOURAGING.

A lady, sending a club, writes as follows: "I have a son twelve years old, L——, and he has missed The Post sadly, often asking me to send for it. I assure you that I should not allow my son to read this paper did I not consider it the purest, most moral paper of the kind now printed. Indeed my husband (who always speaks against story papers), says, '*When are you going to get your paper? I miss it so myself.*' So please send it on." It gives us pleasure to see that our endeavors to sustain the high moral and literary character of The Post are appreciated.

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☞ It's a way with tailors to remember [illegible] to buy new.

Singular Career of Joaquin Miller.

From the New York World.

That latest American bard, whose "Songs of the Sierras" have been overrated and underrated by the capricious democracy of amateur criticism, has found a biographer, who, in a late number of the Overland Monthly, gives the history of his life in a narrative sounding like a condensed history of American pioneer civilization.

Born in a log cabin of the Wabash district, Indiana, on the 10th of November, 1841, Cincinnatus Heine Miller—the present "Joaquin"—was for ten years the rankest growth of one of those hastily extemporized prairie farms upon which the seed-time of great expectations leads frequently to a harvest of bankruptcy.

In 1851 the parental Millers decided to seek pastures more trustworthy in the further West, and with their little boy, undertook the tedious journey overland to Oregon. In those days five months were required for that voyage by "prairie schooner," and for nearly half a year the little family wheeled and camped on the great plains, sometimes being nearly two thousand miles from any human habitation, and occasionally threatened by hovering Indian scouts. The new home, reached at last, was near the head of Williamuth Valley, in Lane county of the state last named, and there, for three years longer, young Miller was a not very efficient farmer-boy. There, too, as his biographer is understood to show, he gained the six months of schooling constituting all the formal education of his life. Wearing his ample yellow locks in tawny mass down his shoulders, and revolting from the drudgery of agriculture with the impatient intolerance of a nature rankly imaginative, the future poet was scarcely fifteen years old when he betook himself to the gold mines of California in search of a dreamer's fortune. So far was he from finding that fortune, however, that, after various poetical efforts to discover the desired ore by the guidance of certain stars, the singing of certain birds, etc., he neatly evaded starvation by accepting humble service under miners not quite so impractical. Four or five years of wandering and working from one mining camp to another in California and Nevada, were supplemented by a brief experince with Walker's filibusters in Nicaragua.

During this nomadic period of his career, the coming singer of the Sierras made his first rude essay in chaotic verse, and must have gathered much of the material for his future motley epics; but the present teller of his life-story is provokingly unsatisfactory as to the specific character of his adventures. "Next with Walker," he says, "though he took less part in Walker's campaigns than is generally supposed; then roving with a band of nomadic savages, the gypsies of America, (meaning Indians, of course,) and now again on the broad plains of the Sacramento, mounted, with leggings and spurs, upon a mustang, darting and driving among the Spanish cattle, after the most approved fashion of those romantic days of California's transition from a semi-barbarous chivalry to a Saxon civilization." To sum up all, "this yellow-haired stripling," not yet twenty years old, "was miner, astrologer, poet, filibuster, Indian sachem, and Spanish vaquero," or herdsman. "Not the proudest Spaniard was his superior in horsemanship, and few, if any, considered it safe to claim equality with him as a pistol-shot." All of which may be interpreted as indicating that young Mr. Cincinnatus Heine Miller spent several years of his minority in a vagabondage not to be too closely scrutinized.

In 1860 he was back again in his Oregon home, bearing scars of bullets and arrows and with a whim for respectability. A lawyer's office in the village of Eugene received him as a student of Kent and Story; and after a few months of study, and while he was yet under age, the courts received him to practice. But even while the wild boy-attorney of the illimitable backwoods was waiting for his first client from the mountains, there arose a popular excitement about gold-finding in Idaho territory, and thither sped the briefless youth. In this new, auriferous campaign he spurned the pick and shovel, and confined his ambition to the running of a "pony express" from the various camps to the towns from whence the regular expresses and mails started. Riding his own fleet and tough ponies, he carried letters and gold through perils of brigand and storm innumerable, and accumulated nearly $4,000 as his reward. Feeling quite wealthy now, he re-appeared in Oregon, and presently assumed editorial charge of a weekly paper called the Democratic Register, in Eugene. If six months' schooling had qualified him for the bar, the same economical education should suffice for the journalist's sanctum; and into the æsthetical glories of American journalism plunged the youthful athlete of the chainless quill. Discovering that his powerful organ of the people—the Register, you know—had a feminine poetical contributor called "Minnie Myrtle," whose true name was Miss Minnie Theresa Dyer, and who lived at Port Orford, he celebrated the professional culmination of his "Bohemian" career by repairing unannounced to the lady's residence, which he reached on a Friday, and introduced himself to the lady, whom he married on the following Sunday. This poetically original and highly judicious episode achieved, he interspersed the literary dainties of his weekly paper with so many able allusions to the incompetency of the Union to subdue the then celebrated Southern Confederacy, that the Register was calmly suppressed by a paternal government. This closing his editorial career, Mr. Miller repaired with his wife to San Francisco, where for about a year they led a life of literary contributions and tribulations, the wife writing the better verses of the two, though both evinced the true poetic fire and smoke.

In 1863, with a little Maud added to their earthly paradise, they returned to Oregon, where, in the mountainous eastern mining town of Canon City, the swift husband of the golden locks displayed his sign of counsellor-at-law, and wished that he might lasso a few clients. The latter came not in crowds, but the Snake Indians did, and in the summer of 1864 the poet led a company of hilarous volunteers against the red stoics of the scalping-knife. The campaign ending triumphantly, the appreciative people of Grant county gave the hero a living in law for two years, and then elected him a judge of the county. It was soon after reaching to this high eminence that he published successively a pamphlet of poetic "Specimens," and a larger volume of the same, called "Joaquin et al," which first emphasized his claims as a poet. He seems, also, to have been literary enough to alienate his wife, for it is recorded that the latter was separated from him in 1869, and that in 1870, while he was making futile efforts to secure a nomination for the bench of the Supreme Court of that state, she sought and obtained a decree of divorce.

Thus worsted politically and socially, and still disgusted at the manner in which the Southern war had ended, the crushed songster of the satanic slave gathered his manuscripts and paper collars together and went temporarily to Europe. Informed by the innumerable American book critics who read English book notices to find out what their own opinions are, the intelligent reader already knows how "Joaquin" Miller, after "Bohemian" vicissitudes in the Old World, was suddenly lionized by the new English [illegible] "Songs of the Sierras" [illegible]. Once recognized by European critics as a genuine poet, the tameless Byron of the unfurrowed plains had but to return to his own free and independent republic to find himself glorified to the echo with true provincial fervor. Short-lived as all native literary elevation must naturally be in a nation without any distinctive literary class or criticism of its own, and particularly short-lived when resulting from mere spiritless reverberation of foreign whim, it is not surprising that the tawny-maned "Joaquin" is already faded nearly to a memory with us, and that there is but little interest to the average Eastern reader in the fact that its subject is now declaiming from his volume to audiences in California, on the way to a South American pilgrimage which shall furnish new songs for his lyre. Not yet weighed in the unmagnetized true balance, whereby the higher artistic and spiritual culture, judiciously discriminating, apportions Merit and Demerit to their respective ends of the beam, he is more significant to the social than to the literary history of the country, and presents a curious epitome of all that is most perturbed, adventurous, and dramatically typical in American life.

THE QUEEN'S HORSES.

I went to the Queen's stables, at Windsor Castle, one day, and this is what I saw: Nine and thirty horses in nine and-thirty stalls, with each horse's name painted over his head; his skin as smooth and shining as the skin of a cherry, and his tail cut off square and straight. The cream-colored horses that are never used but when the Queen opens and prorogues Parliament are kept somewhere else, and I dare say she has plenty of other horses at her other palaces; but when she is at Windsor she has to get on the best she can with only thirty-nine. And these are not all for her own private use, either—eight of them are for the use of her attendants. Then, in an end stall, there is Hector, the glossy black charger that belonged to Prince Albert, and that nobody has ridden since the prince consort died. And there are the pretty Shetland ponies that the Princess Louise drives four in hand—Angus, Linda, Margaret and Carlo. So the poor Queen has only—let me see—twenty-seven for herself; and two of those, Snap and Stamp, were sick, and off by themselves in hospitals.

The horses have nice brick stables ranged round the court-yard, littered with straw neatly plaited at the end, in a sort of knotted border, that came out behind their feet. One could almost be willing to be a horse for the sake of such a home and such attention and care. These royal horses are never sold; but at last, when they are really quite good for nothing, and are too infirm to take any more pleasure in living, they are put to death—in some very gentle way, I have no doubt.

In another part of the yard are the harness rooms, with a stove in each room, and the beautifully gold and silver mounted harness hanging around the walls. Upon one side is the blacksmith's shop, and on the other the carriage houses. There are phætons, and stage coaches, and chaises, and basket wagons, and sleighs—everything you can think of in the shape of beautiful carriages. The wheels are painted red, and they have linings and cushions of blue silken damask, wrought everywhere with the rose, and the shamrock and the thistle, intertwined with the initials "V. R." It seems to me the Queen must get so weary of seeing the same monogram on everything, everywhere she looks.

Queen Victoria's own favorite saddle-horse is a dark bay, named Flora, and her carriage horses for home driving are Baroness and Spinster. The others are named Forfeit, Helen, Roland, Pert, Faith, Malakoff, Prison, Rupert, Tantalus, Outcast, Pierre Paste, Foil, Alma, Progress, Torch, Faust and Snyder. And the horses of the attendants are Philippi, Andrew, Watchman, Waymark, Gleaner, Sphinx, Peabody and Esher.—*Oliver Optic's Magazine.*

CURIOUS IF TRUE.

After the establishment of temperance or abstinence societies, it was thought fair in many English families to compensate in money those servants who took the pledge, and no longer drank beer, for their previous daily allowance of beer; but it was soon found that the monthly consumption of *bread* increased in a striking degree; so that the beer was *twice paid for*, once in money, and a second time in its equivalent of bread!

In like manner, on the occasion of the meeting of the Peace Congress in Frankfort, some years ago, the proprietor of the celebrated Hotel de Russie told Liebig, with expressions of astonishment, that at his table at that time a regular deficiency occurred in certain dishes, especially *farinaceous* dishes, puddings, &c., which was an unheard of occurrence before in a house in which the amount and proportion of the dishes for a given number of persons had been for years well-known and fixed.

The fact was that the dining-hall was filled with "Friends of Peace," all of whom belonged to temperance unions, and *drank no wine*. The landlord observed that those who take no wine always *eat* in proportion. In wine countries, therefore, the price of the wine is always included in that of the dinner, and it is considered just in hotels that people should pay for wine even when they drink none. Of course this state of things is just the reverse of that in which one of Shakspeare's speakers exclaims, "O monstrous! but one halfpennyworth of bread to this intolerable deal of sack!"

SPONTANEOUS COMBUSTION.

An experimenting Detroit chemist took a piece of threadbare cotton cloth, smeared it with linseed oil, and placed it in the center of a chest filled with rags. Although the room was not tight and the weather was cold, there was a smell of fire about the room in eight days. Unpacking it, the experimenter found the rag half charred. In April he made a similar trial with a pair of painter's overalls, which he rolled up with pine shavings and crowded in next to the roof-boards of a loft. In a week the smell of smoke alarmed a workman in the next room, and the overalls were found to be on fire. And during the hottest weather a handful of old cotton rags, not smeared with oil, became hot enough, when hung up in a tin box in the sun, to light matches which he had placed among them. These facts show the necessity of caution in putting away rags, especially those that may be saturated with oil, benzine or other inflammable substance.

WELL SAID.

Show us an intelligent family of boys and girls, and we will show you a family where newspapers and periodicals are plentiful. Nobody, who has been without these silent private tutors, can know their educational power for good and for evil. Have you never thought of the innumerable topics of discussion which they suggest at the breakfast-table; the most important public measures with which, thus early, our children become familiarly acquainted; great philanthropic questions of the day, to which unconsciously their attention is awakened, and the general spirit of intelligence which is evoked by these quiet visitors? Anything that makes home pleasant, cheerful and chatty, thins the haunts of vice, and the thousand and one avenues of temptation, [illegible]

FORGOTTEN.

Under the trees that afternoon,
  Across the meadows and down the lane,
Sloped the sun to the West full soon,
  Never a shade nor cloud of pain:
Do you ever think of it now?

How fresh the breeze from off the sea,
  Bending the bluebells before our feet,
Bearing perfume from hill to lea!
  O life, it seem'd never so sweet!
Do you ever think of it now?

What did we say? I cannot tell—
  True love is very silent sometimes;
But your words, I remember well
  When we parted there beneath the limes:
Do you ever think of them now?

Only a year ago to-day,
  Yes, only a year ago; and yet
The golden light has pass'd away,
  The summer sun has forever set:
Do you ever think of it now?

Dead is the past, and evermore
  Dead is the love you whisper'd that day;
Dead, alas, are the hopes I bore,
  Dead is my life; yet I only pray
That you may not think of it now.

THE DRUNKEN BRIDEGROOM.

We were riding over the prairies on that finest of railways, the "C. B. Q.," as people there call the "Chicago, Burlington and Quincy." We were on the Pacific Express, and rode smoothly and swiftly. The prairies were in their most attractive dress. People talk about the beauty of the *wild* prairies, but I once saw these very ones when they were wild, but now inferior to the same acres covered with corn and meadows, the greenness of which is in fine contrast with the yellow wheat and oat fields visible in every direction! It was a delightful scene, and we felt quite satisfied with it.

Our train contained the usual assortment of people, rough and gentle, old and young, intelligent and—not so very intelligent. But for one fact these common-place statements would not have been made. Two seats forward of us were two young people, and a glance showed that they were the inevitable newly-married couple, which, as is often said, never fails to adorn any train. The young wife seemed too young for such a position, seventeen years old, or at most eighteen. She was dressed very neatly, and her bearing was becoming. You felt at once that such an one must have been an important member of her home, the very one for a father to fondle, and a brother to be proud of. To such a place the young girl can find only one superior, her own home where shall preside a husband worthy of her. For such a home she had—so I thought as we rode along—given up that in which she had dwelt since she was born. What a venture she runs who makes such an exchange!

The young husband was asleep in the seat before her, and I noticed that she had to exhibit the tickets. He had them in his pocket, but she had to get them. This was a suspicious circumstance. His face was red, and when he awoke his eyes heavy—so I hoped—with sleep. And yet I feared the hope was not well founded. The poor girl's face wore an expression of anxiety and mortification. It is true her husband was well dressed, and that he had on his left little finger a plain gold ring which matched with a similar one on her left fore finger.

But it seemed to me very plain that the fact of marriage, the good clothes and the plain gold rings did not make the young husband appear to any greater advantage, nor his young wife to appear any less anxious. Meanwhile our magnificent train sped swiftly through those magnificent acres.

After a while the young man got up and took from the lunch basket *something*, and in spite of her gentle appeal went into the forward car. I suppose it was a flask that he took, but whatever it was it did nothing to make the wife more cheerful, or his face less red. In a little while he was back and seated with his wife. It was distressing to see the two, he "drunk as a fool," she thinking—I guess—of what she had left and what a fate must be in store for her. He was mandlin, silly, and uncontrollable. Could she only have put him to sleep again, and so cover up the disgrace, she had felt less mortified, but—in his own opinion—he was smart and grand, a husband to be proud of! and his wife ought to be proud of him!

His own wide-mouthed laughter seemed to himself amiable, and his foolish incoherence also. Now he ate, and now laughed, now reposed on her shoulder, and thence staggered to the water tank for a drink. The fact was, he was very drunk, and there was no concealing it. The young girl, his wife, just on her way to his home, on the first day met this fact, that her husband loved drink so well that even the fascinations of the young bride whom that morning he had taken to the altar could not restrain his appetite.

And that was what we saw that morning as we rode in the "Pacific Express" on the "C. B. & Q. R. R.," that July morning when the prairies of Illinois were in their most gorgeous apparel. And I wondered what would be the feelings of the father and brother of the bride could they see what we did.

I do not flatter myself that these words will warn any loving girl not to trust a lover who tipples, but I feel better for describing this new phase of the meanness of a habit that has blighted so much that is lovely and of good report. Approach it from which way you will, by a scaffold or a bridal chamber, by a bier or a marriage altar, and the habit is in all cases mean, with no compensation.

SOVEREIGNTY AND SEWAGE.

The recent dangerous illness of the Hope of England, whatever effect it may have had in rousing the dormant loyalty of the British people, has, at all events, exerted a most salutary influence in rousing interest in the subject of sewage. Princes and nobles have at least one value to society which science can appreciate; when they sicken and die, they draw conspicuous attention to the diseases which have the honor of attacking them. Thousands of the unknown and obscure may perish, and there is but little care to look into the circumstances by which life is cut short; but when the great are afflicted, the world's attention is very naturally fixed upon the accompanying conditions. In the recent case of the death of Earl Chesterfield and the well-nigh fatal illness of the Prince of Wales after a visit to Londesborough Lodge, the world has got another impressive lesson of the importance of accurate knowledge in sanitary arrangements. We are often reminded that the subjects of ventilation and drainage, air and water, are now well enough understood, and their discussion is becoming a great bore; but there is abundant evidence that the general notions upon these subjects are still in the last degree superficial, and that instead of being able to deal intelligently with the phenomena involved, people generally are utterly incompetent to do this, and will accept any devices or expedients which go under the name of sanitary expedients, although inadequate, worthless, or absolutely injurious, as the case of Lord Londesborough proves. He had taken the greatest empirical pains, had seen that everything was in order, and flushed his drains and looked into the integrity of his stink-traps, and no doubt thought himself entitled to a medal from the Society of Arts for the sanitary perfection of his establishment; and yet so tainted and foul was the breathing medium in his noble dwelling that it killed Lord Chesterfield, who slept in it, and came [illegible]

This abode of nobility, which extended its hospitalities to royalty, was, no doubt, artistically constructed, and may have been a study for the worshippers of tasteful decoration and elegant architecture; but the doctors who looked into it said that "the construction of the lodge supplied in perfection all the conditions necessary for the propagation of a virulent and insidious poison. The house is ill-built and difficult to ventilate, and has thirteen communications with two large cesspools. Immediately below the cabinet of the bed-room occupied first by the Prince of Wales, and afterwards by Lord Chesterfield, and directly connected with it by a long pipe, is a cesspool which receives the drainage of six closets, and which has not been opened for at least six years. The cesspools empty themselves into sewers which are subject to great backward pressure from the influence of the tides as well as from strong currents of air. The consequence is that the house, with its thirteen sewer openings, and its cesspools beneath, is exposed to frequent and dangerous inundations of sewer gas." Thus it is that arrangements carried out at great expense by the rich to promote health and comfort, become dangerous to life from their errors and imperfections.—*Galaxy.*

PERSONAL.

Adelina Patti is coming to America next year.

An Egyptian Prince is shortly to enter the University of Oxford.

The King of Siam has adopted the civilized habit of wearing shirts and swearing.

Paul Morphy, the chess-player, now keeps a grocery store in New Orleans.

It is stated of Janauschek, that she has never smiled since some tragical love affair, in which she was in real life an actor.

George Francis Train lectured in Philadelphia lately. Considerable sickness, but no deaths resulted.

Bismarck's favorite daughter is about to marry a Bavarian nobleman, name not given.

The members of the St. Louis bar have adopted the old English customs, and wear gowns when in attendance on court.

Strauss, the famous composer of dance music, has accepted an invitation to assist at the Boston Peace Jubilee in June next.

Mdlle. Nilsson, Carl and Madame Parepa-Rosa, Mr. Santley, Mr. and Mrs. Seguin, Mr. William Castle, Mdlle. Duval, M. Capoul, M. Jamet, M. Barre and quite a crowd of other musical luminaries are booked for in the same steamer, to sail May 4.

The veteran basso, Signor Tamburini, now seventy-three years of age, has been singing the part of the Count in "La Sonnambula" at Nice, as well, it is added, as he first sang it in 1827, when Bellini composed the principal air expressly for him.

Mr. Charles A. R. Moulton, the husband of Mrs. Moulton, the singer, died in Cambridge, Mass., on Sunday, March 17, aged forty-three. Mrs. Moulton was in the West when the sad news reached her, and she immediately returned to her sad and desolate home. Mr. Moulton was a man of high culture and had an especial talent for music. He published very little, but some of his romances and ballads, after obtaining great popularity in social circles, have been adopted in the concert-room, where they have achieved great success. The news of his early death will cause genuine sorrow among the numerous friends in America and Europe who have felt the charm of his cordial and generous character.

J. A. Sutter, the California pioneer and gold discoverer, is now living in Lititz, Lancaster county, Pa., poor and crippled with rheumatism. He is sixty-nine years old, and without means of support. The California Legislature has just given him a pension of $250 a month for five years.

Hon. Benjamin Disraeli, the leader of the Conservatives in the English House of Commons, is described by Justin McCarthy as being full of pluck and vigor this session, quite jubilant and confident. He still looks wonderfully young, despite his awkward, shuffling walk and his stooped shoulders. Beneath his queer head and lugubrious countenance, a long gray or white outer coat reaches nearly to the ankles; and beneath the coat may be seen trowsers of a darker gray, and very neat boots.

Mrs. Laura Curtis Bullard, who has been on a visit to Jean Ingelow at her London home, says she is a buxom, fine-looking woman, somewhere near her forties, with an abundance of soft brown hair, which she winds in a graceful fashion of her own about her well-shaped head. She has bright, dark eyes, and a lovely, changing color, which comes and goes on her cheeks at the slightest provocation. She is shy, delicate, and reserved, and has a true English aversion to being looked at, and a horror of being written about.

Good Mister and Mistress Robinson, of New Haven, recently celebrated their golden wedding, at which were present the bride-maids and groomsmen who officiated at the wedding fifty years ago.

The following interesting gossip is furnished by the *Freie Deutsche Schulzeitung*, of Berlin:—Wachtel is very excitable as soon as he puts on his theatrical costume, and sometimes even the merest trifle can then affect him to such a degree that he becomes hoarse on the spot. For this temporary hoarseness and dryness of the throat, well known to all the celebrated operatic singers of Europe, the most curious remedies have been employed. Mme. Sontag used to eat regularly, between acts, sardines. Frau Dorns would eat baked veal. Frau Desparre drank hot water, and Fraulein Cruvelli, Bordeaux and champagne mixed. Adeline Patti moistens her throat with beer. Fraulein Sax devotes herself to beefsteaks. Frau Kabel ate pears, and Madame Vegiade dried plums. Mme. Viardot-Garcia drank constantly hot tea, and Fraulein Von Orgeni a mixture of water, sugar, lemon and rum, which, in tender consideration for her sex, we will call by the harmless name of "punch." Fraulein Von Caride employed for this purpose a lukewarm extract of malt, and Frau Koester used to eat unleavened wafers. Frau Lucca takes pure Bavarian beer between the scenes, and Mme. Frebelli sucks fruit syrups through a straw. Frau Jenny Lind always drank cold coffee. Herr Tichatschek smokes; Sontheim takes snuff; Watchel drinks seltzer water and milk; Niemann Bavarian beer; Nachbaner eats dry plums; Padilla hard bread crusts; Carion fresh fruits; Beck honey in warm water; Michot drinks plenty of black coffee; Troy takes milk; Mario smokes all the time he is on the stage, and Borghi-Mamo cannot wait for the close of the act, but, during the scene, when it is any way possible, he disappears for a moment at the side in order to take a pinch of snuff.

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Arsenic in Colored Carpetings.—Hallwachs, a German scientist, has found that not only green but also the red-colored carpetings frequently contain arsenic. He particularly asserts that the brilliant dark red-colors, now so greatly in demand, contain enormous quantities of this poisonous substance. The goods burned with the blue flame of arsenic, and gave its characteristic garlic odor. Enough of the color could be rubbed off with the finger to give a distinct precipitate of arsenic with the usual re[illegible]

NOBODY'S DARLING.

BY AUSTIN GRAHAM.

Little and pallid, and poor and shy,
With a downcast look in her soft gray eye;
No scornful toss of a queenly head,
But a drooping bend of the neck instead;
No ringing laugh, and no dancing feet,
No subtle wiles, and [illegible] sweet,
No jewels costly, no garments fine—
She is Nobody's Darling—but mine!

No "Dolly Varden" coquettish she;
No high-heeled boots to throw her down stairs;
No yachting jacket and nautical style,
With a sailor's hat that she calls her "tile."
But "Lady" is stamped on her quiet brow;
And she crept in my heart, I can't tell how;
Not made to dazzle—and born to shine—
Nobody's—Nobody's Darling—but mine!

No saucy ravishing girlish grace,
But a settled calm on the sweet pale face;
No sparkling chatter and repartee;
Very silent and still is she.
White and still is my pearl of pearls,
Yet to me she outranks the queen of girls;
Why I love her I can't define,
For she's Nobody's—Nobody's Darling—but mine!

Were riches hers, or a beauty rare,
She would lose her charm, and become less fair;
Were rings to shine on those fingers small,
They could not add to their grace at all:
She would learn to smile and to speak by rule,
In the foolish book of Dame Fashion's school;
And the world to spoil her would soon combine;
Now she's Nobody's Darling—but mine!

The day has come when the cooing dove
Croons to his mate a song of love—
When Nature stirs, and the copses ring,
In all the joyance of dawning Spring,
The day has come when I dare to speak,
To watch the blush on that once pale cheek;
To whisper low on Saint Valentine,
"Darling! Nobody's Darling but mine?"

MARK JARRETT'S DAISY.

THE WILD FLOWER OF HAZELBROOK.

BY PIERCE EGAN,

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CHAPTER XII.

THE GREAT HUNT OF THE SEASON.—WHO WINS THE BRUSH?

How soon a week passes away—that is, under certain conditions. It lags with the man who has got a legacy coming, and who wants the money sorely. It flies with him who has a bill to meet, and is very doubtful of being able to scrape together the coin to meet it with. It has wings with the slave of the desk, who has seven days in the year for fresh air, change of scene, recruiting health, and seeing "the elephant," whatever shape that animal may take; for he finds himself back, with his nose to the grindstone, almost before he was quite sure that he had left it behind. It crawls with leaden feet to the impatient young beauty, who on that night week to come is to meet at a garrison ball that supreme darling, the handsome, deep-blue-eyed, soft-voiced Lieutenant Charles Temple Fane de la Poer Cholmondeley Adair, who made such eyes at her but a few days back on the parade, where they met each other for the first time.

"But why apply to these illustrations, which every reader may multiply for himself "*ad delicias exquisitas*" or "*ad detestationem*," as a schoolboy would say. Everybody will tell you it is an electric flash, which encompasses the earth at a thought, or an old tub drifting on a currentless lake, at no miles an hour.

Wilfred, after his return to Fairholme Priors, would, nevertheless, have been unable, so far as he was concerned, to have defined it. He had returned to the paternal residence in a dream. A week had elapsed, and he was not yet out of it.

He had a distinct impression that he had handed to his mother the receipt he had received from Old Perseverantia, &c., that he had looked steadfastly at her eyes and features to watch for any emotions to betray themselves, that he watched in vain, not a muscle changing, not the faintest additional tint of color to her peach-like cheek. She only lowered her lids beneath his—we might say glare, but that was all.

She took the paper, looked at it, smiled and said, "Thanks, darling Wil," as if it was a bill for a dozen pairs of gloves he had paid for by her desire.

Then his active brain took wings into the realms of imagination, of the most chimerical, mystical, puzzling, bewildering composition, and he moved and acted like one utterly dazed.

He had a vague notion of being in the stables, of trying hunters, of taking desperate leaps, of out-jumping the Earl of Marston, and half-a-dozen other men, who were noted steeple-chasers; he had an idea that he had defeated Colonel Waldron at billiards, had beaten him in a race over Hartley Flats, and had cleared a brook, into which the colonel was thrown by his horse, who refused it, and was nearly drowned.

He had a hazy notion that his father had flitted before him, like a grim, frowning, gray ghost, a dozen times at least—or that he had, in some way, unconsciously glided into his presence, and as quickly glided out of it.

He had an uncomfortable idea that his Cousin Gabrielle had lavished attentions upon him which had made him hot and cold by turns. Whenever they met her pale eyes seemed to fasten upon his, and remain as if they were long icicles instead of beams of light. Her hand appeared to be ever straying towards his coat-sleeve, and sliding down it into his hand, where it would clutch and hang on, as if afraid of falling farther.

Then, too, she had called him "Willy dear!" "Willy pet!" "Wil, you sweet thing!" and "Wil, you dear, saucy boy!" until he began to have a delirious suspicion that he was only five years old, instead of more than five times that immature age.

He had a vague idea of having been much handled by his tailor. Of being measured from shoulder to wrist, from nape to waist, from hip to knee, across his shoulders, and round his manly chest—of being, in fact, tapped and manipulated most distastefully.

He had a misty impression that a hunting suit had followed this ceremony, and that he had been informed by the groom and valet, recently appointed to him, that it would "lick anything in the field, at long odds, bar none."

This groom and valet bore the name of Tibshelf, from the place in which he was born, and Tart, after the name of his family on the male side. He was, however, better known as Tib Tot, for, in all senses of the word, he was a diminutive.

He had been reared in racing stables, and trained to ride four stone four pounds. He had been so successfully swathed, sweated, and skillied, that at nineteen he could ride five stone four without being called upon to reduce himself.

Love, the tyrant, however, had interfered with his racing career. It had sent a shaft with one whirr through his heart, by means of a pretty girl's eyes, and when he represented to her that, owing to the slaughter she had occasioned, "and 'art was born," whenever she chose to declare him the winner, "if it was by only a 'head.'" Then the damsel laughed until she cried again. "What, little bit Tib in love with her!" She screamed with merriment at the thought of it. "What, Tib for a lover! Why, he was hardly big enough for a watch-key ornament, much less for a master." And she shrieked again. "Little Tib Tot to walk with!" Why, she should always be treading on him, or losing him. No, Tib was too little for that, too little for almost anything—certainly, too little for a husband.

Tib was undoubtedly deprived of his breath by this sally, but he took his rebuff in a manly way. He said he believed that "partridge was as good eating as grouse." He had known a little horse, a mere pony, carry off the blue riband of the turf against some of the tallest and longest-legged thorough-breds ever trained; but it was for her to choose. He did not desire her to take him as if he were a pill—though only a homœopathic globule—and he thought none the worse of her for speaking her mind straight out. He should always like her the same, would act a true part to her if ever she needed his help, and only asked her to shake hands with him, bid him God speed, and part good friends.

That was all he said. The girl listened to him between a laugh and a cry, wrung his hands with both hers, then tempestuously threw her arms about his neck, and kissed him with a loud smack. Then she pushed him away, retreated herself, and began to gnaw the end of her apron, as if it were a piece of tough bacon rind. Then, as he had vanished, she raced up into her bedroom, and watched him disappear round a corner with a brisk trot, as if "pursued by his thoughts." When he really had gone, and was "no more for her," she stamped her foot, and cried—

"Dang it! I likes little bit Tib a'ter all."

Then she sat down, tossed her apron over her head, and had a right-down hearty good cry.

But then be it remembered Tib was a very regular-featured, fair-complexioned youth, with bright blue eyes, and smooth, shining hair, of the color of butter—Cambridge—and the girl was just "sixteen years old," when this event happened.

However, Tib threw up the racing stable, and fitted himself for his present occupation. He had an idea that good living and regular exercise in a less violent way would lengthen and swell him out, and make him more presentable to his "selection." If she had not "declared" for one, two, or three sizes larger than himself, he would throw his cap in the ring again.

The reader will pardon this digression; but as Tib conceived an extraordinary spaniel-like fondness for his young master almost as soon as he entered his service, and as he was actively engaged in subsequent events, it is perhaps rather advantageous that his character, as above developed, should be known simultaneously with his introduction on the scene.

All this had gone on in the week after the visit to Bunsterdale, and withal Wilfred never lost from his vision or mind the face and form of Mark Jarrett's Daisy.

As he had seen it on Black Down, at Jarrett's Grange, and at the chasm above the Dove.

But only to make him miserable, for while he yearned with a "sick longing" to accomplish another interview with her, he could not obtain one, nor think of any plan calculated to be at all successful.

And in this condition of things the day of the hunt, which was to be the fullest, most fashionable, and, indeed, the greatest meet of the season, broke a thorough hunting morning.

There was a grand breakfast at Fairholme Priors—for on this day Mrs. Rokeby had resolved to win the brush, and cover Mark Jarrett's Daisy with ignominious defeat, should she attempt to appear, as it was quite believed she would.

Mark Jarrett had at least fourteen of the best hunters in the county in his stables, although he did not ride himself. No doubt he would on this day mount his Daisy on the best.

But Mrs. Rokeby had twenty in her stables, and one which she held, and had been given to believe would surpass all the rest in the achievements of the day, she purposed riding herself. She had given to Wilfred the next best for a mount, and when, to her amazement, Mr. Rokeby announced his intention to join the hunt, she promptly named a thorough-bred hunter, who would carry him to the death as ably and well as any which might be in the field.

The Earl of Marston, Colonel Waldron, Lord Germaine, the Honorable Joskyn Jarvis, Sir Wellington Braham, the Rev. Matthew Lawless, Captain Foley, Jolly Jack Shelley, Squire Chute, and several others, all members of the hunt, were at Fairholme Priors to breakfast, and talked of the coming sport as such enthusiasts do talk of such sport.

Squire Chute declared the hounds to be in unequalled condition, and he advised those who could manage it to send a second hunter to the field.

"We expect to throw off at Witley, don't we?" said the Earl of Marston, who appeared in high spirits.

"Yes," returned the squire, winking both eyes, and laughing. "I knows what I knows, and I can keep a secret, as the old dame said when she found a shilling her husband had lost; but I will tell you that we shall draw cover and throw off before any of you can feel your seats, or even cross your hunters. You will have to look sharp, and skin your eyelids when he's gone away."

"We shall have Mark Jarrett's Daisy, I suppose," observed Colonel Waldron, affecting to yawn, yet glancing at Wilfred and at Gabrielle.

He saw the first start, and the second cast an eagle's glance on Lord Marston's fair young face.

The color of the earl mounted to cheek and brow, and he said, with evident sincerity,

"I hope so—I hope so."

How ghastly pale Gabrielle turned.

"If we throw off at Witley and make for the ridges, that young lass won't show in the front rank this time," remarked Squire Chute, emphatically.

"No, indeed," ejaculated Mrs. Rokeby, with yet stronger emphasis, and a most resolute expression on her features.

Mr. Rokeby, who was present in hunter's costume, did not join in the conversation, but moved restlessly to and fro. Several times he gazed with a kind of fixed stare at Gabrielle's colorless face, and would then cover his eyes with his hands, as if plunging into a distracting effort of memory. Anon he would glare at Wilfred, and bite his nether lip, perhaps to start at the silvery, ringing laugh of his wife.

Then he would fix his gaze upon her, shifting it to the face of every man in the room, only to proceed with a rapid step to each window, and peer out into the places beyond, as if in search of some one—who was not there.

The grooms were all gone with the hunters to the meet, several ladies had joined Mrs. Rokeby and Gabrielle. Most of them were in habits, and intended to follow the hounds at the first burst in a ladylike way. Gabrielle was dressed for a drive too, but not as a horsewoman—she lacked the requisite courage, and so followed the pack in an open landau.

At the door carriages were assembled, and also a number of thorough-bred hacks for those who designed to ride to hounds, and most of the gentlemen adopted this course.

Mrs. Rokeby was the only lady who did.

Wilfred rode by her side, and in his faultlessly fitting scarlet coat, his round black velvet jockey cap, leathers and boots, looked the very picture of a modern Adonis.

Mrs. Rokeby looked wonderfully well in her superbly-fitting scarlet habit, and with her bright smiles, animated looks, and fair complexion appeared more like Wilfred's sister than his mother.

And now the place of meeting was gained, and a fine sight it was. There were from a hundred and fifty to two hundred thoroughly well-mounted men at the cover side, which was a most extensive heath or furze brake. There were also a large number of ladies—a great many carriages, gigs, traps of all kinds. Also a very considerable number of rustic pedestrians.

There were the well-trained pack of hounds, under the charge of the huntsman and assistants, moving restlessly to and fro, their spotted sides and glossy coats shining like satin.

Presently Squire Chute, with a wave of his cap and a screeching cheer, shouted out loudly—

"Hark in! Hark in!"

The huntsman echoed the cry lustily, and in an instant, as if by magic, not a hound was visible. They were all in the gorse, nosing the ground.

At this exciting moment, when Mrs. Rokeby's heart was beating high, and her eyes were wandering over the gorse, a hand was laid upon her bridle. She felt it in a moment.

She looked angrily at the intruder, who was a young man in the garb of a gamekeeper. He touched his hat and said—

"I beg pardon, my lady. You bought this horse o' John Hoskyn?"

"Well," she exclaimed, haughtily, but with a slight feeling of alarm for fear that she was about to receive some unpleasant intelligence.

"I have just come from him," he continued; "an' he bid me say that he'd forgot to tell you about the horse's vice."

"What vice?" she inquired, with a slight change of color.

Was her anticipated triumph to be snatched from her after all?

"When his mettle's up, my lady, he is apt to take the bit in his mouth, and stick to it, and won't go only his own way," said the young fellow, very respectfully. "Just then give him the crop o' your whip hard atween his ears. He'll drop the bit then, an' go all right, my lady."

"Pshaw! Is that all? Let go the bridle, my man, and when you pass the Priors ask Stevens for a sovereign. I will tell him."

"Thank 'ee, my lady. You are well mounted. Mark Jarrett's Daisy will have to ride well to beat you to-day."

Another moment, and he was gone.

At the same time the gorse seemed suddenly to be animated with a motion not communicated to it by the wind. Presently a hound appeared, leaping over some furze, then another, and yet another, who leaps out, and with his nose to the ground, and his tail beating his sides, moves busily to and fro.

"Gambol," shouts the second whipper-in, who has discovered him. "To cover. Get to cover, Gambol."

And Gambol darts into the gorse, not to be immediately discoverable. Yet the gorse begins to grow more animated, and shakes more than before.

"They are drawing beautifully, Wil," murmurs Mrs. Rokeby, under her breath.

Wil, who is thinking of Daisy, sighs—

"Beautiful, indeed!"

Now the gorse is seen quite alive, the hounds are visible leaping over each other's backs.

"Have at him there!" yelled Mr. Rokeby, suddenly, as if, like Rip Van Winkle, he had started up out of a sleep of twenty years' duration.

"Have at him there," shouted the huntsman, with a shrill scream. "Have at him, good hounds!"

"A fox for a thousand!" bawled Sir Wellington Braham, with his right hand to the side of his mouth, and rising up in his stirrups, he stretched his neck out crane like.

"Hold hard there!" cried the second whipper-in, as some of the horsemen began to creep up to a point where the fox is expected to break. "Hold hard, gentlemen; don't spoil sport."

But the gorse is moving and shaking more violently than ever, and the excitement is rising to boiling point. Smokers fling away their cigars, glove their hands, gather up their reins, and take a firmer hold of their whips.

Suddenly a sound, like the wailing cry of a child, rises from the furze brake.

A hound has challenged, and the hearts of the huntsmen beat rapidly.

Another takes it up—a third, a fourth, the gorse is alive, and the whipper-in cheers with a delirious screech.

Now, like the discharge of a gun, bursts a cry from Squire Chute.

"Tally ho! Gone away!"

"Gone away," shouted fifty frantic men, preparing to go away, too, at their hardest.

"Ware hounds," yelled an authoritative voice, "Ware hounds. Give them time, gentlemen—give them time."

"There he breaks! there he breaks!" screamed a delighted fox hunter, indicating a point with his whip.

There flew the fox sure enough, closely followed by a few of the oldest and most experienced hounds. The rest of the pack immediately follow, taking up the scent, each laying himself steadily down to his work.

Then arises a tremendous clatter, like a charge of Lifeguardsmen, and the whole cavalcade, with their horses' hoofs thundering upon the turf, are in motion, in pursuit, and at a grand speed too.

This is the splendid burst!

Over a field of fifty acres, over a field of a hundred, over hedges and ditches, gates and rails, the fox at full speed, the hounds in a compact body, with a breast high scent, and their heads well up. Twenty minutes, and the pace had begun to tell, for the regiment of riders are changing position, and the best mounted are foremost. Yet a large body are well up.

In the first rank, however, was Mrs. Rokeby, the horse on which she was mounted going like a racer, and clearing every obstacle as if it were an antelope. No matter what the impediment—a stiff fence banked with trees, or an ugly-looking brook—Elfrite bounded over it to the admiration of every observer, and to the triumphant delight of its rider.

Wilfred kept close up to his mother, and Mr. Rokeby, who seemed to have entered into the sport with all the ardor of the most impetuous lover of it there, rode at everything, and took the fences in a huntsman-like style.

The going was magnificent; everyone was in high spirits; and with a scornful curl of her lip Mrs. Rokeby looked about for Mark Jarrett's Daisy.

With eager yearning, with hungry eyes, Wilfred looked everywhere in hopeful search of Mark Jarrett's Daisy.

The Earl of Marston, the squire, and some of the men in the front rank, looked right and left for Mark Jarrett's Daisy, expecting to see her come up with and pass them like a flying cloud.

But, to the general disappointment, she was nowhere visible.

Suddenly arose a cry of disappointment—a sense of some great calamity, a feeling of despair.

The fox had stolen a march on his pursuers. The hounds were at fault. There was a check.

Reynard had doubled artfully, and the hounds had overran the scent. A blast from the huntsman's horn, and the well-trained pack came back to the spot where they had lost the scent.

Out of the hundred and sixty or seventy riders, not a dozen are up here, but among that select few are Mrs. Rokeby and Wilfred, the former's face glowing with exultation at the fact, and the latter looking as dull as if all his hopes in life had been dashed to fragments.

Before the advancing troop could join the front rank there suddenly arose a shout from a countryman, who flourishing a stick, seemed to be pursuing something towards the pack. Not a minute before one of the hounds "spoke." Then another "Yo doit!" howled the huntsman. "Hark, forward! Yoicks! Yoicks!" There goes the fox again, and this time the hounds thoroughly well on to him.

Away go the field again, the foremost among them being Mrs. Rokeby, who, seeing before her a formidable "bull finch," puts her horse straight to it. The noble animal pricks up his ears, and with flashing eyes and nose erect, dashes at it.

At this instant a shadow seems to flit past Mrs. Rokeby, and as her horse crouches to its haunches, to spring at the green wall, some one has already passed her, taken the leap, and is well away into the next field before she has herself safely landed in it.

So swift, so indistinguishable in its fleetness, was the object that swept by her, that for aught she could tell it was no more than a sudden, heavy gust of wind.

Withal she needed not that quivering cry of wonder from the lips of her son, as he came crashing through boughs and leaves after her, to tell her that she had been overtaken, outleaped, and passed in the hunt by Mark Jarrett's Daisy.

Before her, in a bright scarlet habit, fitting her body without a wrinkle, with a black, round-crowned hat, from which streamed a plume of black cock's feathers, sitting her steed as if she were a part of its form, she saw her young rival following the hounds, not so close as to endanger them, yet so well up as to give her the lead of the whole field.

It might have been fancy, but Mrs. Rokeby thought she heard a taunting cry from her lips to follow her—a cry which, sweet though it was, as the tone of a silver flute, stung her to the quick, and made her resolve to imperil her life, by facing the most terrific danger which might spring up in her path, rather than suffer this childish girl to snatch from her the triumph of the day.

What, however, somewhat surprised her was that the horse which she had purchased with the object of achieving her victory—upon which she was now seated—and which had borne her so excellently well, pricked up its ears at the sound of that sweet young voice, uttered a quivering whinnying in response, and increasing its speed, followed in the track of the horse on which she was mounted in far too spaniel-like a style to please Mrs. Rokeby.

Yet Silvershade, who bore the Daisy, proceeded at so swift a pace as to compel Elfrite to gallop on at his best, and as the "going" was very severe, Mrs. Rokeby knew that the gallant animal beneath her needed no urging with the whip.

The going was indeed of such a rattling kind that Wilfred found himself playing the part of a groom to his mother, although he urged his horse by voice and whip.

Behind him came Squire Chute, the Hon. Joskyn Jarvis, Jack Shelley, Lord Germaine, Sir Wellington Braham, and a few others, all shouting approvingly to the hounds, and pointing to Mark Jarrett's Daisy.

"By Jupiter!" cried Lord Germaine, excitedly, "she leads us like Diana herself, and she is on the best jumper here to-day."

"You'd like to be her Endymion, eh!" roared jolly Jack Shelley, with a guffaw.

"Ha! ha!" grinned Squire Chute, sarcastically. "Attend to your work, Master Jack; there's a beauty for you to take."

And he pointed to four stiff rails in the corner of a field, to which they were all making.

"Where does Mark Jarrett pick up the flyers he mounts that girl upon?" cried Sir Wellington Braham, gazing at the young, slight form in scarlet flying on before him. "By Jove! she is going along like a streak of greased lightning, as our transatlantic cousins say."

"Like a sunbeam," muttered the Earl of Marston, gazing eagerly after her.

"Let Mark Jarrett match my Crasher, if he can. Ask Belvoir what he thinks of him? Besides, look at this—yahoop!"

Thus chimed in Squire Chute, enthusiastically, going straight for the "timber jump." With a loud cheer to his steed, he lifted him at the right moment, and over he went like a bird.

"Belvoir! Who spoke of Belvoir? Where is Belvoir? Let me see him," shouted some one, galloping up frantically in the rear.

Passing all before him, he went dash at the timber fence too, but there was instantly a dreadful crash. Horse and rider were down, and rolling over.

"Heigh! heigh! heigh!" yelled voice after voice, as successively the huntsmen, making for the same formidable barrier, leaped it with various success.

"Who was that down?" cried Squire Chute, having heard the crash, but not troubling himself to look behind.

"I think it was Rokeby," exclaimed Lord Germaine, setting his lips together, for he saw a declivity before him. "The pace is too good to stop and ask questions."

"Rokeby's down and badly hurt," cried jolly Jack Shelley, keeping on as if nothing of any importance had occurred.

The Earl of Marston, however, pulled up, and rode back. He found Mr. Rokeby lying insensible, as if dead. He dismounted, and drawing his senseless form out of the way of harm, he galloped off in search of a doctor, whom he knew to be in the "ruck" behind.

The earl was singular in his consideration, for, at that killing pace, who but he would have thought of pulling up to inquire what had happened to one who had been landed on his back? It might be a collar-bone, or a leg, or a back, that was broken or dislocated, but that was the business of the wight who had been pitched neck and crop over the fence, he ought to have gone over *on* his horse.

Suddenly the whipper-in shouts, makes violent gestures, and delivers himself of profane words which would have paralyzed a saint.

"Who the devil is that?" yelled Squire Chute, in a rage, observing a man in the distance riding at the fox, and turning it in a different direction to that he was taking. "If I had a gun here I'd shoot him."

"I know him!" roared the huntsman, sending wicked words through his teeth crashing as if they were broken glass. "It is Abel Stoke, a forest-keeper of Mark Jarrett's. I'll give him one when I catch him."

"The fox is making for Hazelbrook!" cried Lord Germaine, at the top of his voice. "That scoundrel has turned him from as pretty a run as we could have prayed for."

"There's plenty water in the Hazel!" exclaimed Sir Wellington Braham. "I don't care, I have as good a water-jumper as there is in Christendom."

"Ya doit!" shrieks the squire, shrilly. "Good dogs! Merlin, Lucifer, Dido! Yoo! See how they take the water."

"Ay," followed Jack Shelley, with a screech of approbation. "See, there goes the Daisy at it as if it were a narrow bit of tape."

"By heaven, Mrs. Rokeby is racing her to it! They will clear it together, or both be in together."

"And be drowned if they are," said Lord Germaine, anxiously.

"Gentlemen, gentlemen, what are we about to let yonder brace of women take the lead and keep it?" exclaimed Sir Wellington Braham, in a voice of self-condemnation.

"Why, not half so well-mounted, that's the 'about,'" grumbled old Jack Holyoak, giving his horse a refresher with his whip, that made him spring a dozen yards.

Those who heard him and witnessed his act followed his example, and with a tremendous clatter and speed, this little group of horsemen went down to the brook, which swollen and turbulent, was rushing between its banks nearly level with them.

But they did not overtake Mark Jarrett's Daisy, nor Mrs. Rokeby, nor even Wilfred, who was making desperate efforts to pass the latter, that he might ride side by side with the former, whom now he believed to be the most beautiful creature the world ever saw.

CHAPTER XIII.

MARK JARRETT'S PLOT AT WORK.—THE TERRIBLE PERIL.

It was a long sweep of grass land leading down to the broad brook—an equally broad stretch up a gradual ascent on the opposite side.

Over the tall hedge Mark Jarrett's Daisy, apparently—Heaven knows, only apparently—as serene as if she were reclining in a gondola gliding along the placid surface of a Venetian canal, engrossed by thoughts of the sweetest and most blissful nature, leaped, and proceeded on her way.

Not twenty feet below her Mrs. Rokeby took the leap—heavily and brilliantly, too—and was not a dozen yards behind her when the hounds took the water, and Daisy went after them straight at the brook, as if it did not present an obstacle worth a consideration to her pursuit of the pack.

And now it seemed that there was length enough and breadth enough to try, not only the mettle of the two steeds, but the skill and daring of the two riders, and Mrs. Rokeby steadied her horse, put him straight for the brook, believing that she should not only take it in the stride of her horse, but that she should land first on the opposite bank, take the lead and keep it until she had fairly won the distinction, which with a kind of anxious sickness of the heart she coveted.

She found, to her mortification, that her horse Elfrite would bear towards Mark Jarrett's Daisy, that it lessened the distance of the parallel line between them, until, despite the awful pace at which they were going, it seemed as if they would leap the brook at the same moment locked together.

Mrs. Rokeby began to discover, too, as Abel Stoke had told her, that Elfrite had a will of his own, and as her blood was rising rapidly, and she was growing dangerously excited, she thought of her whip, which she gripped firmly, and the sharp, fierce blow it would be necessary presently to give him between the ears.

Then she heard a voice in the rear calling to her, in stentorian tones—

"Rein in, rein in! Hold hard, for heaven's sake, mother! The brook is swollen—you can't clear it! You will be drowned! Hold hard both, in the name of heaven!"

She knew that it was the voice of her son, Willy, calling so entreatingly to her; but she glanced at the fair young face, which was now plainly visible to her. She noted the brilliant, lustrous eyes gleaming, it seemed, with joyous excitement, and she saw the proud curl of her tiny haughty lips.

She heeded not the voice of her son more than if it had been the sigh of a faint breeze. She responded by a touch of the rein, and a loud, ringing cheer to her horse, woman's voice though it was that uttered it.

Her horse shot up his ears and snorted, bounded forward almost like an arrow from a bow, and placed himself neck and neck with Silvershade.

And at the moment there came a cry like that of a wounded bird from the lips of the Daisy, and her horse shot forward, too. The pair were on the very verge of the brook, and together they cleared it like a couple of swallows.

Both heard a lusty roar behind them. Was it a shout of astounded admiration? Was it because some less skillful or worse mounted than they had come to grief in the brook?

They neither looked back; but straight at the fox, and at the hounds who were on the trail, and making that music which cannot be surpassed in the ear of a true sportsman.

Mrs. Rokeby knew that no harm had come to Willy, for she heard his horse's hoofs clattering behind her. That was enough to think about him, for she knew the pace at which the latter part at least of the hunt had been carried on was far too severe to last long, and that she had yet to snatch from Mark Jarrett's Daisy the triumph which hitherto she had always secured.

Over, another tall hedge, freshly lopped with wiry young blackthorn shoots, stares them in the face. One of the two knows there is a wide ditch on the other side, and the other has a strong impression that such is the case.

The Daisy uses both her hands to the reins, and flies over it like a bird, closely followed by Elfrite with Mrs. Rokeby; but second—always second.

A smile—a pleased smile—breaks over Daisy's face. Mrs. Rokeby sees it, and is stung by it; but she misinterprets it, for Daisy's quick eyes have discovered that the hounds have been checked—no doubt because sheep have been grazing in the field—and she hopes that the run has come to an end without danger to Mrs. Rokeby.

But, hark! what cry is that? A countryman, who knows what he is about, is harking on the dogs to a point where the fox for the moment has run to cover. He has dexterously unearthed him, and the hounds are in full cry after him again.

With a troubled expression on her sweet face, Daisy renews the pursuit, having scarcely reined in, and Mrs. Rokeby is again at her elbow, having waved her hand impatiently in reply to some very earnest adjurations from Wilfred, who for the moment has caught her up, but only to be left behind again.

The form of the country had now abruptly changed, and the hounds were following the fox along a tract of dark heath, which in places rose to an acclivity that promised to pump the wind out of both Silvershade and Elfrite, good as they were.

Higher and still higher rose the land. The fox made so directly for a point, that it was quite evident he knew where his home lay, and in which, if he could reach it, he would be safe from inevitable death.

And now Daisy raised her whip suddenly high in the air, and let it descend on the reeking sides of her horse, and she cried loudly, and with the voice of a seraph to him. It was almost incomprehensible how, but he increased his pace instanter, and left Elfrite with Mrs. Rokeby some distance behind him.

Daisy's form stood out against the sky on the ridge before Mrs. Rokeby could realize that she had thus been distanced; but when she did fully comprehend it, and she saw Daisy waving her hand to her to take a lower, and she supposed, therefore, a much easier path, she uttered a cry of passion, urged her horse desperately forward, and as he did not move quick enough to gratify her imptuous impulse, she turned her whip swiftly, and dealt him half a dozen violent blows in quick succession between the ears.

Lightning could not have been quicker than the response the horse made to this treatment. He reared twice or thrice on his hind legs as if he would fling himself over on his back, then bending his head viciously down, he gripped the bit between his teeth, and went away maddened and infuriated, wholly and utterly beyond all control.

Mrs. Rokeby was gratified as much as she need be by finding herself up to the skirts of the Daisy—at her saddle-bow—past her. Away, onward, past her!

A misty vision of some of the pack before her, the wild, agonized shouts of Wilfred in her ear, the piercing, quivering shriek of Daisy penetrating her brain.

But she had the lead of Mark Jarrett's Daisy!

Then the sense that the horse—frantic, frightened, mad, it seemed, with terror—had ran away with her.

This was not all!

To her horror, at no great distance, she beheld three yawning gulfs before her, to fall down either of which was certain destruction.

She tugged at the reins. She lay back with all her weight, pulling with the strength and frenzy of despair, with as much result as if she had been a child attempting to hold in an affrighted tiger with reins of thread.

She was too experienced a rider not to know the full danger of her position, not to comprehend that she was utterly helpless, and that she could be saved only by a miracle, which would not be exercised in her favor.

She closed her eyes, had breathed a passionate supplication for mercy, and one short blessing for her son, Willy. Then came a throng of thoughts, with which Mr. Rokeby was mingled, and then nothing but a pulsing sense that she was borne forward with tremendous speed, unable to diminish it by any effort of her own.

Yet with it she heard the strangely weird-like cries of Daisy, like the wild chanting of a spirit of the air. They drew nearer and nearer to her, and then, great heaven! she was upon the chasm!

But at the moment a shadow interposed between her and the uttermost brink, and she felt her horse swerve, but he yet madly kept on, although between her and the grassy edge that separated her from the dreadful gulf below there was a phantom, who kept by her side, foot for foot, galloped, raced with her.

Indistinctly she perceived a second chasm of larger proportions than the first fearful opening, and between the two there was a a narrow, giddy strip of grass covered way, over which only one who had a strong nerve would venture to crawl; but a second, and she was spinning over it, with the phantom by her side.

But she was accompanied by one immediately behind her, daring, sharing her danger. Her darling son, Willy. Who else but he?

Half-a-dozen more moments of horror, with a tremendous depth on either hand, and she was again careering over the heath, leaped a broken hedge into a field beyond, and abruptly her horse came to a standstill—for he was beaten to it.

A thundering clatter of horses' hoofs behind her, then a pair of strong hands encircled her waist, and she was lifted to the ground.

Her son's white, white face, floated before her dim eyes. She twined her arms about his neck and murmured—

"Heaven is merciful to me, indeed."

Her eyes closed, and she lay back motionless, on his breast.

Then he placed her upon the cool grass as if she were a child who had dropped into a pleasant slumber.

A moment, and he looked up. There sat Daisy calmly on her steed, waiting for a look from his eyes, for she knew that he had watched her saving his mother's life at the imminent peril of her own.

He could only place both hands upon his breast, his eyes were suffused with hot tears and his lips trembled.

But he was wholly unable to utter a word. He tried to force out some expression of his illimitable gratitude, but he could not speak—even one little word.

A soft, pensive, pleased smile passed, like a gleam of sunshine, over her enchanting face, as she perceived his deep emotion, and bending down towards him, she murmured—

"Mr. Rokeby, shall we not say now the obligation is mutual?"

There were thick tears in his eyes, welling up from his overcharged heart, and for the moment they blinded him; but when he could see again she was gone. He could not tell how or whither.

But, in her place, galloping like mad, came old Jack Holyoak, the whipper-in, who threw himself off his blowing steed as if reckless of life and limb. He was in among the dogs, and as he whipped them off, he grabbed the fox with the clutch of a tiger's jaw, held him up to view, swearing awfully and savagely at the half-mangled, expiring animal—at the place where the death had been achieved—at circumstances—anything he could think of.

For, had not at least a dozen of the best dogs precipitated themselves, in their desperate pursuit of the escaping fox, headlong down the deep sand pits, several being killed and the rest badly maimed.

He kept up such an uproar as, for the moment, distracted Wil's attention, and before he could look again, in anxious search for the vanished Daisy, half-a-dozen boisterous riders came leaping, thundering into the field, yelping, shouting, screeching—cheering, we believe it is termed—as if they had just been having a tremendous and joyous race among themselves, that they had all reached the goal first, and, therefore, all had won.

There was Squire Chute, with a throat like a trumpet, giving a whoo-hoop, which deafened every one near who had ears, and was echoed back by the distant hills. There was Sir Wellington Braham yelling as if some despairing wretch, at least five miles off, was about to commit suicide on a finger-post, and his warning voice would stay him. There was the Rev. Matthew Lawless, screaming with lusty lungs, as he never appealed to the hard-nibbed of his congregation. There was Lord Germaine at his topmost voice announcing to the world, including the inhabitants of the most distant colonies—

"Ten miles in an hour and seventeen minutes over the stiffest country in England, a couple of checks thrown in to handicap Time with. Beat it, if you can, ye gentlemen of the Quorn! Ya-hoot-oi-oi-oi-oi!"

There was jolly Jack Shelley likewise yaooing and yoi-oicks-ing, and ya-hooping like a demented South Sea Islander—as if *he* had won the brush.

There was Captain Foley, also screeching and waving cap and whip as if he had been appointed a general of division, was about to lead his men into instant action, and had his enemy—"on a bit of bread."

There was—but let us say that red coats now came swarming into the field, all war-whooping, as if without knowing it they were a strong band of cannibals expressing their ecstatic delight at having just arrived in the nick of time to dine off a prisoner, exceedingly fat and juicy, and, altogether, in excellent condition.

As the dogs gave tongue, excited by a similar delirium of joy, for it was in their mind to make small work of the fox as a joint, the uproar was something unearthly.

It certainly had the effect of awakening Mrs. Rokeby from her faint, and would have done it easily, if she had been as dead as the great grandfather of Philip of Macedon.

Wilfred had raised her from the ground, and encircled her waist with his arm. She leaned her elbow on her saddle, and with one hand she clutched, rather than rested it, upon her Willy's shoulder.

Pale, even to ghastliness, she was yet conscious of everything, and as Squire Chute figuratively and expressively, though not with studied elegance, remarked was "game to the backbone." She, therefore, smiling, received the congratulation and uproarious—*plus* uproarious—cheers at having conquered the proud distinction of carrying off the brush.

For be it known at the last leap, at the very moment the maddened and excited steed which bore her crouched, sprang up into the air, making a last effort for the day, Mark Jarrett's Daisy drew rein, and suffered her to enter the field where the fox was already uttering his death-cry in the fangs of the dogs who had overtaken and seized him, first and alone, albeit that in another second she was followed by Wilfred, who had reason to thank his lucky stars that his mother had mounted him upon a horse which, like her own, had gallantly maintained its speed throughout the whole of the run, and had two or three miles above yet left in him.

There was to be a large party that night at Lord Gormston's, to which the Rokebys and Gabrielle were invited, of course, and of which Mrs. Rokeby would have shone as the guest of the evening. In spite of her narrow escape from a shocking death, and the fatigue and fright she had undergone, she would have attended it, but that at Fairholme Priors there was bad news of Mr. Rokeby.

When they returned to it, after a wearying ride from the scene of Mrs. Rokeby's fancied triumph, they found that Mr. Rokeby was already there.

But, for the first time, they learned that he had been brought from the field insensible, and that, in addition, he had dislocated his collar-bone and broken a leg.

It was some days before he displayed the slightest sign of returning animation—some weeks before he became conscious, having suffered a severe and prolonged attack of delirium: but at last he was pronounced to be out of danger, although reduced to a most exhausted condition.

It was thought a remarkable thing that Mrs. Rokeby should throw aside every pastime, every enjoyment, every occupation of a flighty, or even a light nature, and confining herself to his sick-room, play the part of a tender, careful, patient, unwearying nurse to her husband, never trying to shirk her self-imposed duties, or to evade the close confinement of the sick-chamber, or ever complaining of the many exhausting, sleepless nights she had watched by her husband's side when he was raving.

She proved, indeed, that she not only knew the responsibilities of a wife, but her true duties, and that she could and did fulfil them.

Gabrielle, in the silence and gloom which everywhere prevailed about the establishment, confined herself apparently to her own suite of apartments; but, withal, twice or thrice she held clandestine meetings with Colonel Waldron, and what transpired at them was known alone to themselves. Twice during the melancholy interregnum she had met the Earl of Marston, and the last time, acting with consummate art, she brought him back to the point of his allegiance whence he had diverged after the sudden apparition of Mark Jarrett's Daisy. She fancied—how intensely she supplicated that it might—another interview would induce him to propose. She determined to accept him, despite the horrible secret confided to her by Waldron, and which was preying upon her heart as if it were a corroding poison.

To Wilfred—"sweet pet, Willy"—she was softly, dreamily—tearfully she could not be—sentimentally gushing; and he responded by seeing her as seldom as he possibly could.

Mr. Rokeby, to the satisfaction of all, recovered his senses, though in a curious abrupt way, and was pronounced to be in a fair way to recover his health; so something like life began to reanimate Fairholme Priors once more.

During the dangerous illness of his father, Wil had, of course, been gravely and sorrowfully impressed by his peril; but that solicitude had been divided by his longing to obtain half an hour's conversation with the Wild Flower of Hazelbrook.

He yearned to pour out his thanks for the grand intrepidity, divested of all thoughts of self, which urged her, at the most tremendous risk to her own life—for one slip of Silvershade's foot would have hurled her to inevitable death—to rescue his mother from an equally horrible fate.

He wanted to say to her—he could not frame what—Heaven alone knew what—but his heart would guide him. He wanted to see her—to talk with her—to take her hand in his—to—Oh, how he tossed his clenched hands in the air, and stamped about the room like a maniac, as obstacle after obstacle, like so many impracticable "bullfinches," sprang up in his mind to interpose between him and his passionate wish.

Yet he resolved to see her, and he devised a cunning plan by which he was to pop upon her when she was out for a gallop alone, as when he first met her—though he looked for more genial skyey influences.

Even while having a horse saddled with this object, he was thunderstricken by overhearing a conversation, by which he learned that Mark Jarrett had suddenly sold his stud, closed his stables, shut up the Grange, and journeyed no man knew whither.

Faint and stunned by this information, he flung a dozen incoherent impetuous questions at Tib, who answered them in a lump, by saying—

"I've heerd, too, ol' Jarr't be gone away to Lunnon, sir; an' carried there the sunbeam o' the county—the Wild Flower o' Hazelbrook, Mark Jarr't's Daisy."

A slight groan forced itself from Will's lips.

"Earl o' Marston gone on 'bout it badly. Says it bain't no place for likes o' her. Says she's sartain to come to grief there, though she never 'ood he-a," pursued Tib, ruefully. "Lord, what a lovely picter she was; I knows two or three been tryin' to find out what's come of her—but they can't."

"I will," muttered Wilfred, grinding his teeth together, and knitting his brows.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

A READER OF THE POST.

One of our subscribers writes us the following appreciative little note:—

DEAR POST—Have you ever been an invalid in the country in the winter time, not able to leave your room the greater part of the time, and in a section of the country where you can get nothing to read? If you have not, you cannot sympathize with me. I am one of that despised sisterhood call'd old maids, and I am passionately fond of reading, but we get the mail but three times a week, and then have to send a mile and a half for it. Only those who are deprived of a daily mail know what a deprivation it is. A kind friend sends me THE POST every week. I get it Saturday, and how glad we all are when it comes; the whole family enjoy reading it, and Fillicen (our maid of all work) is as much interested in the perusal of it as the rest, and very often says "I wish it was Saturday, so THE POST would come." I often wonder if the editors of papers know how much pleasure they give people, particularly those who live in the country. Although at times I feel as if I were beyond the reach of civilization, yet I am pretty well posted, and seem to know more of what is going on in the world than some who live in the world. While the Grand Duke was in your city I wrote to an acquaintance, asking her if she had seen his highness. She answered by saying she did not know he was there until she received my letter, that her household duties kept her so busy, she could not find *time* to read the newspapers. Only think of that, Mr. Editor, not *find time to read the newspapers*. I felt thankful I was an old maid then, with no household duties, for I cannot live without newspapers, especially THE POST. I. S.

☞ The Washington Star thus describes a "Dolly Varden:"—A "Dolly Varden" is a modern antique dress pattern, and it is made of some material, and is cut biased at the top and bottom and trimmed with Honiton palmettes and tulle ruche, with a peplum running two chains and three links to the north-west from the starting point, around the skirts of civilization and pinned together with a self-acting safety pin. The figures are so large that it takes eight dress patterns to show them off to advantage.

☞ A curious turn—The twist of one's neck.

The False Telegram.

In looking back upon my unchequered career, I can say, respecting a circumstance which is at this moment uppermost in my mind, "I did my duty, but it was a most painful thing to do." I'm no story-teller, so you must put up with a rather rambling account of what perhaps may not prove altogether an unexciting and uninteresting adventure.

I was twenty years of age, and the son of a banker in Ireland. I had, comparatively speaking, just entered the business of Dashley, Son, and Dashley—my father, eldest brother, and uncle—and was being initiated into the mysteries of banking life, when the firm suddenly discovered that for some months past it had been the victim of a clever series of forgeries, whereby it had suffered to the extent of some seven thousand pounds. For a long time they were unable to trace these audacious crimes to their origin, and it was only through my intervention that the forger was discovered. I was the chief means of fixing the guilt upon one Hugh Carlwood, a confidential and trusted servant of the firm, who had been in the employ of the partners for twelve years.

He was a man of about forty years of age, a pale-faced individual, wearing a thin black moustache under a well-shaped aquiline nose. His eyes were black, and when speaking to you they would invariably be half-closed. His bald head gave him the appearance of being considerably older than he was, while the peculiar thinness of his lips did not tend to impress his casual acquaintances with a very favorable impression of his calibre. However, he had been always, apparently, straightforward and honest in his dealings with us, and up to a certain time he had been so. He had the character of being a very eccentric man, and it was reported that he had been confined in a lunatic asylum when young, and there certainly was a most peculiar manner about him which could not fail to strike you when with him. An indescribable fascination about these very peculiarities, however, would attract your notice immediately, and command your attention; while the unassuming and almost gentle manner in which he addressed you would induce you to say, after an hour's conversation, that you liked the man, though your first impression of him was decidedly unfavorable. On £300 a year he managed to live comfortably with his wife and family in a quiet suburban district.

When the company discovered these forgeries were being perpetrated, they breathed not a word of it to anybody but a couple of detectives, and the fact was therefore only known to themselves and the two guardians of our lives and property.

It will take too much time to tell you how I came to denounce Hugh Carlwood; suffice it to say I found out beyond doubt that he was the culprit, and for three days I was wavering between a sense of duty and a feeling of compassion and pity for his wife and family before I communicated my discovery to the firm. I ultimately gave in to duty—a most painful duty, believe me, for it proved, as I had anticipated, his own irretrievable ruin and the lifelong misery of his poor wife.

I shall never forget the morning he was called into the private office of the senior partner (with the two detectives concealed in an inner apartment), and there accused of the crime. It was rather indiscreet of my father to tell Carlwood that if it had not been for me the forgeries might have gone undiscovered, for the man turned to me, and with his handcuffed hands pointed at me—the detectives had been called in—he gave vent to the most frightful and bitter curses that ever issued from the mouth of a human being. As he was being almost dragged from the office he hissed between his clenched teeth, with dilating nostrils, flashing eyes, and lips white with fury—

"Curse you! If it's fifty years to come, I'll be revenged—remember!"

The plea of insanity which was set up for his defence at the trial failed to assist him in the least, for the everyday actions of the man were always those of a rational being; he had dipped largely into speculation, and had ruined himself by gambling, having lost all his own money and that which he had misappropriated. After a recommendation to mercy, he was sentenced to five years' penal servitude. Six months after we learned that he had in reality gone mad, and was for the second time in his life confined in a lunatic asylum. After this I did not care to make any inquiries respecting the gloomy affair, and nothing was afterwards communicated to me about him. Five years quickly passed away to me.

* * * *

To be assembled round a blazing fire on Christmas Eve, when the faces of all that are near and dear to you are smiling with happiness and glee, is one of the most joyful periods in everybody's existence.

I was at one of those pleasant gatherings, given at my uncle's house in London, having travelled from Ireland to be present on that festive occasion.

Relations, rich and poor, from far and near, were present, and the ruddy glow of a glaring fire shed its rich reflection on the merry faces of the guests; jokes, practical and otherwise, were circulating freely, when an ominous tap at the door arrested for a few moments the mirth of all present. A servant entered with a telegram for Charles Dashley (myself.) I opened the telegram, while the eyes of all present were fixed upon mine, and before I had read it through it must have been palpable to all of them, from the change in my countenance, that it contained bad news. It contained the worst of news, the character of which overwhelmed me with pain and sorrow. It ran thus:—

"Your father has had an attack of paralysis—the worst is feared. Come home instantly."

I handed the paper to my uncle and looked at my watch. It was half-past ten. I knew that the night mail left Euston at a quarter-past eleven, and hurriedly leaving the room, rushed to my own apartment to pack a few things in a portmanteau, having on my way requested the servant to fetch a hansom. My uncle followed me to my room, and endeavored to console me as much as he could, while assisting me to expedite my departure, for he knew as well, or even better than myself, that this was the third attack my father had had during the year, and it was uppermost in both of our minds, though neither said anything, that it was almost a positive certainty this one would prove fatal.

To bid a hurried farewell to my fellow-guests, and, above all, to one who was, next to my father, the dearest one on earth, was the work of a few moments, and in a few more seconds I was in the cab tearing over the stones to Euston-square. I had a good half-hour's ride before me, but fortunately reached the station in time to get my ticket, seat myself in a first-class carriage, and then with a puff and a whistle was whirled away through the night homewards.

It is only those who have been suddenly called from enjoyment to attend the death-bed of a relative or friend, and when it has been necessary to take a journey to reach their side—it is only those who can imagine my feelings as the train dashed onwards. It was almost beyond hope to imagine my father would ever recover, and the sole engrossing thought that occupied my mind was whether I should reach his side in time to see him alive; it would be many hours before I could get there, and I paced the carriage backwards and forwards, filled with the most dismal forebodings. I looked out of the window into the almost impenetrable darkness, for a fog was existing. We tore rapidly along, and it was a source of satisfaction to me to know that I was in an express train, and was being carried as quickly as possible to my father's side, where I felt assured that a very sad scene awaited me. I pictured to myself my father lying in his bed, sick unto death. I saw him in my then fevered imagination gasping for breath. I thought he was calling for me, and that my brothers and sisters were gazing upon him with hopeless and careworn faces.

I tried to read, but it was impossible; I walked up and down, backwards and forwards, for a long, long time. I lowered one of the windows, and in spite of the cutting wind, endeavored to distract my thoughts by vainly attempting to discover what part of the country we were travelling through.

A slight relief from the dull morbid feeling into which I had worked myself occurred when the train stopped at the first junction. Of course I alighted, and took some refreshment. There were scarcely a dozen passengers besides myself, for who, unless he were positively compelled, would be travelling on such a night, and Christmas Eve too? I remember now at this length of time that as I was drinking a cup of coffee, I raised my eyes to survey the other occupants of the room, and there on the opposite side of the refreshment-bar I observed a man in the act of drinking from a glass, with his eye steadily fixed upon mine. It struck me then at that very moment that I had seen him before, but the thought left my mind almost as rapidly as it entered it, and I returned to my carriage and my own dismal thoughts again.

As we started, it was a relief to me to think that each revolution of the carriage-wheels was lessening the distance between myself and the one I loved so well, and whom I feared I was going to lose.

I resolved to endeavor to sleep, so curling myself up in a corner of the carriage, having wrapped myself in a rug with my back to the engine, I then, with my mind filled with thoughts of my father, whose face was ever before me, closed my eyes.

I slowly fell into a doze, and in that semi-conscious state, between sleeping and waking, I dreamt, or rather thought, of my father, and from him my mind gradually wandered back some years to Hugh Carlwood, and his threat of revenge came sounding in my ears once more. That thought had no sooner flashed over my mind than I fancied I saw rise up from outside the carriage-door nearest to me a face—the face of the man I had seen a short time before in the refreshment-room. I thought it peered with half-closed eyes eagerly into the carriage at me. I awoke with a start, and a sudden exclamation of fear—or what you like—burst from me. Quickly lowering the window, I looked out on my right and left, but could see nothing: the fog prevented me from seeing with anything like certainty even a yard in front of me. I closed the window, considerably startled, and of course impressed with the idea that I had been dreaming. I was cold and shivering, so I traversed the carriage, while sad thoughts of my father soon took the place of those of the unpleasant face at the window. Again I essayed to sleep, and again I dreamt, or at least thought so, as we tore along. The doors, which were in bad repair, were shaking and rattling, and once again I saw, half dreamily and consciously, the face again rise from the other side of the wood-work of the door, slowly and cautiously, and again peer through the window at me. Slowly I saw the figure—it was the form of the man I had seen at the refreshment-bar—raise itself up, and apparently holding on by his right hand to some projection from the next carriage, he opened my door and stepped in. He left the door open, and seated himself opposite to me. I was asleep, and yet not asleep—in that state of somnolence when you imagine you are dreaming, when in reality you are not. The man stood over me, and I saw him raise his fist in the act of dealing me a blow in the face. This roused me. I started up, and received the blow on my shoulder. The man was there! It was no dream. A fearful struggle ensued. He caught me with both his arms round the waist, and hissed into my ears—"Hugh Carlwood! it's me!" He dashed me against the cushions of the carriage, which fortunately did me little harm, and then encircled his fingers round my throat. He would inevitably have strangled me, had I not with superhuman effort forced his hand upwards, then standing up and throwing my whole strength into one blow, sent him staggering against the closed door, shivering the glass to atoms. With the rapidity of lightning the thought crossed my mind that he was mad. I could see it in his face, and felt convinced in the end he would conquer me. Feeling assured it was my only chance, with my father's name upon my lips, I closed my eyes and leaped from the train.

It will readily be believed I had not the remotest idea of where I should fall, and it was a providential circumstance that I did not lose my life. I afterwards discovered that I had fallen in a field the grass of which was fortunately very damp and soft. I was partially stunned, but distinctly remember watching the glare of the retreating red lamps of the train, as well as the fog would permit me, until they disappeared in the darkness. With one despairing thought of my father my senses left me, and I sank back on the grass with my face upturned to the sky, completely exhausted.

How long I lay there I know not; but when I awoke it was still dark, the fog had entirely disappeared, and in the distance I imagined I could see some lights, as of a station. I arose to my feet, and, with my head reeling, walked on towards the lights; a smarting pain in my forehead caused me to involuntarily place my hand on the part from which it proceeded—I must have struck my head on a stone, for it was clammy and wet with blood. I still walked slowly forward, thinking if ever I should reach my father's side, and when I had travelled about half the distance to the station (for such I afterwards found it to be,) I stumbled over something in my path, and fell heavily to the ground. Scrambling to my feet, I found I was on a bridge; I examined the cause of my fall, and was horror-stricken to find it was the apparently inanimate form of a human being. While I was hastily trying to recognize the features, a sudden presentiment seemed to fill me with the thought that it was the body of my attempted murderer. I waited not for confirmation of my terrible idea, but walked on as quickly as I could till I reached the station. I clambered on to the platform, more dead than alive, and told a porter that a man was lying by the side of the line some quarter of a mile towards London, and who I thought had fallen from a train. He endeavored to detain me for an explanation; but I entreated him to direct me to the nearest place where I could get a bed—and told him if he called on me in the morning he would find me there, when he should have all the information he desired. He pointed out an hotel some fifty yards distant, where I quickly went—and hiding my wounded head with my hand, told the night porter I was unwell, was shown into a bed-room, and hastily closing the door, I fell upon the bed and endeavored to sleep.

When I awoke it was broad daylight. I washed the blood from my head and face, and rang the bell. I was too full of thoughts of my father to satisfy the landlord, who answered the summons, with any explanation of my strange arrival. I soon learned from him, however, that shortly after I had arrived on the preceding night a gentleman had been carried in, who had fallen from a train upon the line, and was, he feared, now dying.

At my own request, I was immediately shown to his apartment—and there, stretched upon a bed with a fearful wound in the temple, was—Hugh Carlwood.

I sat and watched him for two long hours, during which time he was perfectly quiet but insensible. I occupied myself by telling the medical man who had been called in to attend him, how his patient had attempted my life. He scarcely believed me. But I waited patiently (there was no train to Ireland till night,) and I was at length rewarded by Carlwood awakening from his torpor. I spoke to him, and in a transient gleam of consciousness which preceded his death, I learned from his own lips that which caused me mingled horror, surprise, and joy. He told me that he had escaped from the lunatic asylum in which he had been confined, and had journeyed to Ireland (how he did it I know not,) determined to seek me out. He arrived there just after I had left for London, whither he followed me; that there he had sent me a false telegram—I took the document from my pocket when he told me this, and examined it; it bore no official stamp (this had hitherto escaped my notice)—and had followed me to the railway station. The rest I know, with the exception that he had leaped from the train after me, and had fallen against the brickwork of a bridge.

With his dying breath he implored my forgiveness, telling me that he was half-mad at the time. What words of comfort were at my command I readily gave him—and with his hand in mine, he breathed his last.

Having given the necessary instructions for his burial, I was travelling back to London by the next train; and on Christmas Day, round a fire which seemed to outdo in brightness the one on the yesterday, I told my tale, with a loving hand in mine, and with a most welcome letter from my father before me, assuring me of his good health.

I learned some days afterwards, that a dagger had been picked up on the railway line over which I had passed, which I concluded must have been dropped by Carlwood in his endeavors to get from his carriage to mine. I should probably never have lived to tell this story, had he, in his then condition, retained possession of it. As it was, that ill-fated man, whom I pitied from my very soul, could scarcely have thought that his attempt on my life would be the very means of his losing his own.

G. C. A.

GOLD BEADS.

Jane Ford had a string of real gold beads, and they so completely dazzled Lizzie Caxton that she lay awake half the night wondering how she could possibly come honestly by such an adornment. Now Lizzie was a sewing-girl at a dollar a day, and gold beads do not grow on every tree. She paid half her week's wages for board, and the other three dollars bought her clothes, paid for washing and the fuel she burned evenings: for she always left Madame Bias's at seven o'clock. In truth, there didn't seem much surplus with which to purchase gold beads, for somehow or other money always dribbled away in Lizzie's hands like water through a sieve; for one must have under-clothes and stout shoes, and a best gown for Sunday, though it should be only black alpaca, and a hat in the fashion, and a shawl for every day to save the best cloak, and water-proof and umbrella and rubbers; and there were car fares in bad weather, and medicines, and something for her seat in church, and the mission-box; and, oh dear! six dollars seemed like such a fortune when she held it in her hand on Saturday night, but, like fairy gold, it went such a very little way! Any one who has had to pay in hard-earned cash for every needleful of thread and every button will readily understand why Lizzie was in despair before the question of gold beads. And somehow, gold beads she must have; it seemed absolutely imperative. She had seen others resplendent in ear and finger-rings without a sigh; it was reserved for Jane Ford's gold beads to give Lizzie a pang of desire. How becoming they were! How they would set off her rich color, and lend a sparkle to her hazel eyes, and make the white column of her throat more apparent, and—and—perhaps if she looked her best, if anything should give her an air of prosperity and fashion, Lon Lovell might prefer her to Jane after all, as he had once seemed to do. Ah, what a heartache his defection had given her! And she fondly fancied that a string of gold beads would set all right again, would serve as a talisman, would give to her glance the fascination of Jane's. At least, if Lon were to be lost, it should be through no fault of hers; she wished to do her best to eclipse Jane. And her mirror told her that she only needed Jane's luck in wages, that fine feathers make fine birds—never once guessing, in her narrow experience, that Lon wasn't worth the trouble she was taking for him; that a heart so fickle could never yield the repose and reliance that she craved. The very first morning she had seen Lon walking to church with Jane Ford gave her such a shock that for half an hour she had stood like one in a trance, with a curl wound about her finger; and she could never recall the thoughts that possessed her during that time; she only knew that it was like a bleak frost falling in early spring, when buds begin to start, and blighting all the promise of the year, making a famine in the land. Ever since that time she had lived under a cloud, as it were, trembling at every unwonted sound, at every knock or footstep, daily expecting some explanation, some overtures toward reconciliation on Lon's part, utterly unable to accept the fact of his abandonment, till it became like an ache which, from being long borne, seems to be a part of one's existence, and in no wise alien.

But sunrises and sunsets had multiplied, and Lon had failed to appear with any peace-offering of tender apologies; he had simply behaved as if it were the most ordinary and trifling thing in the world to be on with the new love before he was off with the old; as if hearts, like foot-balls, were elastic, and did not mind hard knocks. When Lizzie put her needle aside and folded Madame Bias's work away, it was with an infinite sense of loneliness, thinking that another day had vanished, and nothing had happened to mark it as sweeter than the rest.

Lon had always been used to meet her on the way home, usually under the old stone archway at the foot of the street, and now she never passed beneath it without a trembling certainly that he would join her there, without starting at every shadowy outline, and yet pursuing her way on the other side more lonely, more desolate than before, from the fading away of a precious hope.

Once, indeed, when the twilight deepened and a few faint stars leaned out of heaven, she really did meet him under the old stone archway. There he was waiting for her! How her heart bounded and rejoiced! Oh! why had she ever upbraided him? Why had she not been patient? She might have known that God would not leave her comfortless, that He was more kind to her than she could comprehend, that He had only deprived her of Lon for a little while that she might more perfectly appreciate the sacred sweetness of love, its ineffable satisfaction, its depth and breadth! Words of welcome were shaping themselves on her lips; all her pulses throbbed to the tune; in fact, she had for the moment quite forgotten that he had ever been to blame, that he had neglected her at all! All at once the half-uttered words gasped and died in her throat—he passed her without a look, and it was Jane Ford whose arm he drew within his own, and to whom he murmured some half-tender nothing. The revulsion of feeling was so intense that for the instant Lizzie fancied she was dying; she reeled and leaned against the masonry for support, till one of madame's girls overtook her.

"How you frightened me!" said this Samaritan. "Are you sick?"

"I had a faint turn, that was all; give me your arm, if you please."

"Madame's work-room is so stifling, and she is so cross," said the other, "that I thought my own head would split. I had to rip Mrs. Sorge's flounces off twice. Madame says you're falling off in your work, Liz; you'd better look out, or it will be a pretty how d'ye do. Did you see Jane Ford's gold beads? I wish *I* had a string; don't you? They're so dressy, and make folks think you had a grandmother. I heard that she and Lon Lovell were at the Museum last night. She looks mighty fine when she has on her betterment clothes, but the girls do say that she paints! Here we are! Shan't I come in and fix you some camphor? it's awful good for dizzy spells and all-overish sort of aches."

"No, thank you; I shall get on very well now. Good-by." There was no drug that could medicine poor Lizzie's pain; only time was capable of softening it; and who, in the first frenzy of sorrow, regards such alleviations with anything like pleasure? Time works miracles; but how? Through our own infirmity, by virtue of our forgetfulness, not by remedying the cause. One survives the blow surely, but who can estimate its effects on the constitution and temperament? So Lizzie was left to work out her problem alone, and at first no solution seemed possible; her love was so much a part of herself, so interwoven with every heart-beat, that at first it appeared utterly beyond her power to dissolve the partnership. How was she to do without that which had been her daily inspiration, which had sustained her through up-hill work? How many times she resolved to be strong, to give him up once and forever—when he was no longer here to resign—to be brave, and make no more ado! She knew that every tear she shed, every sleepless night she spent, made the distance greater between them, inasmuch as they clouded and defaced her beauty; but all the same, tears fell; the heavy nights wore on to weary mornings; she resigned him to-day only to long for him inexpressibly to-morrow. But what could she do at single combat with fate?

Now Lizzie was not so silly as really to believe in the power of gold beads to work miracles; but did they not constitute part of the witchery which had infatuated Lon? At least they were pretty; and why should she not deck herself in finery, and perhaps attract her love to his true orbit? Why not match charm with charm? Therefore Lizzie went to work with a will, and, as everybody knows, where there's a will there's a way. Madame Bias had no longer reason to complain of her—only once, when Lizzie made a mistake in cutting, madame remarked, briefly, "This must come out of your wages, Miss Caxton," which made things so much harder. But difficulties only appeared to sharpen her faculties and quicken her energy. She had thought so much of the beads that they already assumed a factitious value; she had a sort of superstition that it would bring ill luck to give them up; moreover, it would seem to argue an infirmity of will; and in the meantime the pursuit diverted her mind, gave her something to think of besides her trouble. She worked like a Trojan; she took in extra sewing after her day at Madame Bias's was over, and sat up late and rose early. She had really no idea how much the gold beads would cost, but she calculated that after saving fifty dollars she might give herself the pleasure of dropping into the jeweler's and pricing them. And why should she not spend her hard earnings in beads, if she pleased, rather than in dry-goods and millinery? When our comforts drop away or desert us, don't we seek out others? And if Lizzie expected to find her happiness in gold beads, was she less wise than we?

You may depend upon it that it was a long, long time before her hoard reached the required amount, that she pinched in her fuel, and boarded herself on oat-meal porridge, with a pint of blue milk for dessert on Sundays; for the idea of saving had become a kind of mania with her. She met with serious discouragements, to be sure, in the shape of pickpockets and fire, but at length the day arrived when her week's wages made up the sum. All Saturday, while she fluted and piped and gimped the silks and velvets and cashmeres, she was thinking about asking for a vacation on Monday, and spending the morning in selecting her beads, and she was somewhat surprised, withal, that the prospect gave her no greater satisfaction, that her pulses did not quicken in view of the pleasure. And after the beads—what? Was she one jot nearer Lon's heart than in the beginning? Had she not met him day after day, week in and week out, and passed with a nod that had never once ripened into "A pleasant morning," or "I hope I find you well," or a hand-shake? Would gold beads make amends for golden hopes postponed—nay, strangled?

"But would not they be better than nothing?" asked Roxy, who was trimming a silk with thread lace at her elbow.

Lizzie started and rubbed her eyes: had she spoken her thoughts? "What, the gold beads!" she asked, not quite awake yet.

"Gold beads indeed! You hear with your elbows, Liz. No, diamonds in the rough: we were speaking of coals."

"Oh, they are twelve dollars a ton; they come higher still by the basketful. Isn't it odd, if you can afford to buy a lot of anything, you get it cheap, but if you're so poor you must buy in driblets, you pay more for the privilege."

"Yes, we were just wondering if we couldn't raise some money to buy coals for poor Miss Wade. You know she was a real born lady, as good as anybody once; she taught painting, and went among folks that were folks. But her eyes gave out one day, and she had to begin to spend her savings, and now she hasn't got a dollar to bless herself with. She's out of everything, and as proud as Lucifer, and won't hear of the Home."

Lizzie let Mrs. Shoddy's blue velvet train slip from her hands upon the floor. "So poor as that!" said she, beneath her breath. "Where does she live, Roxy?"

"She stays at No. 8 Starvation Lane, up three flights. Such a looking hole! Goodness sakes, Liz Caxton, what are you doing?"

"Tell madame that I was obliged to leave while it was daylight, if you please."

"But don't you know that Mrs. Shoddy wants her dress to-night?"

"Mrs. Shoddy must wait;" and Lizzie closed the door after her, and picked her way through Starvation Lane, mounted the stairs that rocked under her, and found old Miss Wade lying in bed to keep warm.

"I've come to take you home with me," said Lizzie. "Can you walk?"

"If you're one of the ladies from the 'Home,' I can't."

"No, I am one of the girls who sew for Madame Bias. I've got a nice room of my own, where I am often very, very lonesome; and I heard of you, and thought perhaps you would like to come and keep me company."

"Bless you, so I would. I never thought of it before;" and without more ado they went off to Meander Court together.

Lizzie felt as if she were really at housekeeping when she spread her light-stand for a tea-table, toasted her bread, and made the coffee, adding a plate of jumbles in honor of her guest, whose appetite frequent fasts had sharpened. She had never known the luxury of playing hostess before. Wasn't it quite equal to wearing gold beads?

"And what shall I do for my board?" asked Miss Wade, the spirit of independence still flickering.

"You shall keep the fire blazing, if you please, and water my mignonette, and put the tea to steep. Oh, we will be happy as larks!"

"If I only had my eyes," she made moan, "what pictures I would paint! I would paint you. They say I could have the cataracts removed for fifty dollars; but, law sakes! they might as well ask five thousand."

"Can it be done?" said Lizzie. "I never knew—"

But the next week she asked Dr. Hyacinth on her way home from work, and the upshot of it was, a day was set for the operation.

"Now, my dear," said Miss Wade, "I've got a trifle for you—a *souvenir*, as the French say; and when my eyes are all well, if I don't see it about your neck I'll just leave you and go to the Home out of spite, or out clear-starching. I used to wear it when I was young like you; it belongs to youth. It was my great-great-grandmother's. I hid it away in the straw bed when I was down in Starvation Lane, for fear folks would make me sell it, and somehow that didn't seem genteel to do. You see I've got some scraps of sentiment left, for all my beggary; it would have been equal to selling one's birthright. But I'll give it to you—that's a different thing; you've been a friend indeed. I should never have seen the light of day but for you; and if you refuse to take it, I shall sell it to pay my board." And she pulled from her pocket a necklace of gold beads, like little suns, each one a solid globe, wrought to the last degree of perfection, as you may have seen Chinese balls of ivory, till they appeared to be nothing but gold bubbles of exquisite designs, through which the sunlight passed in and out.

"Oh! oh! oh!" cried Lizzie. "It is a sin to take them!"

"A fiddlestick! Let me put them round your neck this instant. There, you shall be married in them! How becoming they must be! I know that you have a beautiful soul, and that always casts a reflection on the face. Now hush. If you make a fuss, I shall take them to the jeweler's, and break my heart! I should leave them to you in my will, any way—you couldn't help that—but I'd rather see them on your neck, child. They make me young again. Every bead has its history. When I was all alone in the cold and dark, I used to lie awake nights and count them like a good Catholic; and this bead would bring back the day I was twenty-one, and wore violets in my hair, and danced half the night with—well, no matter; and this other reminded me of the songs I sang in summer twilights, rocking on the tide and dipping my fingers in the waters of the bay; and this other—it brings me face to face with one who called the necklace his blessed rosary. Heigho! I should beggar your patience if I told you all!"

And so Lizzie wore gold beads; but did they afford her the thrill of joy she had predicted for herself? Doesn't our imagination lend more than half the charm to those things which we would fain possess?

However, the cataracts were removed from Miss Wade's eyes, and Lizzie took care of her through all the gloomy days of uncertainty and bandages, taking her vacation from Madame Bias's, and discovering that she had as great a vocation for nurse as for seamstress; while Dr. Hyacinth came and went, somewhat oftener than was needful, thought his patient. "I hope it isn't in order to swell the bill," she grumbled. But when Lizzie one day found courage to ask for the bill, the doctor frowned splendidly in answering, "I am already paid. You will oblige me by not referring to it again. It has been a great, a positive pleasure; you surely do not wish to rob me of it? I do not have so many."

"You? I thought you had everything you wanted."

"Oh, *did you*? Why, I want something now, this minute, that I never expect to have. What do you think of that?"

"I think that you are not the first one."

"Perhaps you can sympathize with me, then?"

"Yes—no, no; I don't recall anything I want very much just now," positively.

Lizzie was thinking how at dusk yesterday, when she had gone out to the grocer's, just beneath the old stone archway the string of her gold beads, rotten with age, gave way, and sent the dazzling globes tumbling into the mire; how as she stooped to gather them another face leaned out of the shadow, another hand met hers.

"Let me help you find them," said Lon Lovell's voice. "How many were there?"

"Thank you; there were twelve," Lizzie had answered, without more emotion than if she had been speaking to Madame Bias. "There, three, nine, twelve; yes, they are all here. How kind of you!"

"Lizzie, Lizzie!" he had called, following as she moved away, "don't be in such a hurry; stop and speak to a fellow a moment. I know I don't deserve it, but—"

"Why not? I'm glad to see you, Lon. What else do you want me to say?"

"I don't want to dictate. If you don't say anything of yourself, it wouldn't be any good for me to put words into your mouth. Only if you could forgive me, Lizzie—"

"Oh yes, Lon, I forgive you heartily."

"And that's all, I suppose?"

"All? Why, no, Lon: I wish you well."

"Well away, perhaps? It wouldn't give you any pleasure now, would it, to have me tell you that I can't get over loving you, Lizzie? Would it?" He had drawn nearer, and put his hand on her arm while he spoke; and she had been silent for a moment, asking herself the same question.

"Oh, Lon, don't ask me," she had cried then; "don't say it. Hush! hush! Say good-night, please;" for in that moment she had found him no nearer to her heart than the little boot-black that brushed her by; his touch aroused no responsive thrill, his late assurance found no echo. She had suffered without him till he was no longer necessary as a part of her life.

Thus having dismissed Lon Lovell, Lizzie returned to Dr. Hyacinth, whom she had left unceremoniously standing, hat in hand, leaning against the wooden mantel, as if he were waiting for something—waiting for his adieux, perhaps.

"Perhaps," she said, taking up the thread where she had dropped it—"perhaps you will get what you want one of these days; or it may be you will survive the desire."

"You are consoling! But I mean to ask for what I want first, Miss Lizzie!"

"Yes! That's a good way. What isn't worth asking for isn't worth having, they say."

"To be sure:

"He either fears his fate too much,
Or his desert is small,
Who dares not put it to the touch,
To lose or gain it all.'

Miss Lizzie, I want you! Will you be my wife?"

"Dr. Hyacinth, I never thought of it."

"But it isn't too late, I hope?"

"But I am afraid of you—a little."

"I'm glad *of it*, for then you won't dare to say me 'Nay.'"

And so Lizzie lost her heart, but not the gold beads, since fate is not so hard as we fear; and if it does not always accord us our wish, it makes amends in unexpected ways, denying us only those things whose value we over-estimate and survive.—*Harper's Bazar.*

☞ The fish trouble—The bones.

THE BOY JOHN.

Back under the shadows of that time when man was pawing himself loose from monkey realm, unsophisticated wisdom would have it that John should be trained up in the way he ought to go. We, of course, know better. In that twilight period of no steamboats, no female suffrage, no reforms, no town-meetings, no beer-gardens, how should they understand? But in these happier days when every boy can [illegible] of a normal school or drinking-saloon, Solomon's wisdom with respect to the very trifling matter of John's education will hardly do.

Solomon built a house. But who now would build after that old Hebrew's drafting? Do we not have modern improvements? And so should not the boy John have the benefit of modern improvements? In old time it was, "Train up a child in the way he should go," on the ground that being trained in it he would be likely to stick to it.

But in this riper age we have a deeper philosophy: "Let nature alone to work out its own way; do not restrain it." We have learned that pent-up things, such as steam and reforms, are dangerous. They should be allowed to blow off. And so the child has a steam which he should blow off. He has fires of youth which ought to be burned out, and not smother to char on his life. Having a wayward disposition incident to youth, he should be suffered to work it off and be rid of it, so as to settle down gracefully into sober manhood.

John is an awkward, restless, fidgety fellow, whose chief end is to torture the cat and tear clothes. His parents congratulate themselves that their boy is growing up under the hallowed influences of a Christian home. What is it, then, that marks John's home as hallowed and Christian? When the toil and drive of the day are ended, and the evening hours begin to throw their hush over the household, what is there in living-room or parlor, got ready by a parent's Christian thoughtfulness, for making the closing hours of day the happy, the joyous, the loved ones of all the twenty-four? John has been in for dinner, eaten it, and gone out again. He has been in for his supper, eaten that, and now, after doing the last things of work-time (for John happens very often to be a boy who knows what work is), he comes in weary of body, yet uneasy in mind, restless, yearning for something;—some recreation, some joy, some sport, some play, laugh, frolic, unbending of some kind to relieve the hideous tedium of all tread, tread, tread in the mill of toil. The mother, having put her house in order for the night, takes some odd piece of work—sewing, knitting, or crocheting—and worries out the *fag-ends* of weary flesh and lamp-light. The father takes his evening paper, or his evening drowse, or both of them, rolling in an easy-chair or tipped up in one that is not easy,—himself silent, dull, dismal.

But the boy John—what of him? What shall he do? He does not know how to knit or crochet; he does not care for the newspaper. What are politics and Congress and Tammany to him? What fun for him in Beecher's sermon or the *Farmers'* Club? He looks up and around. Not an eye or countenance shows one ray of sympathy with his uneasiness, pitching and rolling now to the brim. He looks up on the mantel; nothing there. He looks up to the clock; nothing there. He looks round on the walls, up at the ceiling; nothing for him there. He looks out of the window—well, he begins to see the glimmer of something for him out there; though nothing under that roof, within those walls, around that stove, which the world calls his home. So John yields up a sigh, a stretch, and a yawn, and out he goes for sympathy into the darkness. The mother works on. The father reads and dozes on. The boy is now beginning to *go* on in the way he likes to go. Other boys, flocking out from other such Christian homes, or from homes that are not Christian, meet him on the street. They mingle their discontents and sympathies till, with the leap and dash of young life, they come together into a plot for mischief, or into the chamber where billiards are played, or into the cellar where entertainment is for man and—beast; or anywhere up or down where life and unbending for the restless fibres of youth can be found, and where the evening hours are not spent in the dullness of knitting and dozing.

John is young. His tastes are unformed. His feelings are very far from being refined. In fact, he is a little green in his sympathies. He wants amusement. Every bone in his body aches for recreation, for play, fun, laughter. He does not care—he has never been taught to care—what the fun is, if only it will give relief to the fidget that stings him. Not at all refined, he will go for what he wants where others go. And going where others go, he finds the hunger of his nature scarcely met—just as tainted meat will fill the hunger of a starving man—in the low revelry, vile stories, unclean mirth of drinking-cellars and saloons. The boy does not discriminate very closely, and to the longing of his crude appetite the entertainment of these places is infinitely better than any he ever could find in that place which he has been taught to speak of as *home*. For eating and sleeping and getting his clothes mended, he feels that no place can be equal to a Christian home; but *for* a good time, for passing a dull evening hour, for learning something new, for words of cheer, for professions of sympathy, for those genial ways which a boy does love, and which any boy but a Uriah Heep must love, John will tell even the minister to his face that home is nothing to a street corner, or a billiard-room with the attachment of a beer-shop.

Well, by-and-by, just before the clock strikes ten, the father wakes from his doze, the spectacles falling and the paper sliding upon the floor, and, looking round with a bewildered gaze, asks, "Where is John?"

Where is he? Why, for want of better instruction, he is out practicing our modern plan of training himself up in the way he likes to go, having no thought that when he is old he will care to depart from it. But the father who has inquired for his boy rubs his eyes, looks out into the darkness, and listens; but he hears him not. He wishes that his boy would not go out so of nights; but then he does go out. He wonders that John cannot sit down at home like other boys. What other boys? And then, with a very feeling remark that, "If John does not do better, and become steady, he will make a miserable shirk of himself," the father goes to bed. The mother waits till her boy comes. By-and-by he does come in,—his restlessness blown off, the uneasy fidget of the early evening spent in relaxations which, of some kind, a boy must have—and then at last the house is quiet. Sleep and rest prepare the household for another day and evening like these.

And when that other evening comes, out goes the boy again; and the father again wonders, and wishes that John would be steady and stay at home, and very feelingly predicts that, "If he does not change his course, he will very likely come to a miserable end."

But, good father, why should your boy spend his evenings at home? What is there at home for him? What pleasant recreation, what happy plan for whiling away the hour, does he find inviting him there, or that would invite any *boy* there? What have you done to make home attractive and winsome to him as *John's* home? He would like amusements suited to his young, restless, brimming nature; how much real thought and care did you ever give to schemes, devices, plans, efforts, with a view to meeting this passionate yearning of his mind? How much do you play with him, tell stories with him, make riddles with him, talk with him of what you have done and seen, of what your father did and saw? What games, what sports, what efforts at skill with slate and pencil, with knife, saw, and gimlet, have you devised for him, while your look and actions were saying, "My boy, I want you to love your home more than any other spot of earth."

But your boy is not all for sport, though in this evening hour he does want a change from the employments of the day. His eager mind is ever on the alert to learn something, and if his mind is guided he will take as much pleasure in the acquisition of useful knowledge as in that which is frivolous; he will quite as easily be led to the reading of good as to the reading of trash. Now, among the bookshelves of the old house how many shelves have you filled for your boy? What books do fill them? You buy—for you are the father, or perhaps the kindred of that father I had a talk with a few weeks ago—you buy for your own use the Almanac, The Gazetteer, the Lives of the Apostles, Scott's Commentary, Emblems of Faith, a History of the War, Martin F. Tupper, the Speeches of Henry Clay, and a picture of Lincoln. But what for your boy? You spend eight dollars a year for your daily paper which you go to sleep over evenings; as many dollars spent in suitable reading for him, in each of the five years past, would have given him a stock now which he would read and read over again through the twilights of summer and long evenings of winter. But, mind you, it must be suitable reading. Of the books mentioned above, you yourself do not read one, besides the Almanac and Scott's Commentary. And most certainly you do not expect your boy to read them. Here, then, are a dozen or fifteen dollars wasted. And just in the same manner you can fling away money in buying books for John; books which he will not read and which no boy will read. Books there are, more than a father will wish to buy in one year, which any boy, quick, active, hungering, restless as youth is, will sit down and read by the hour; and as he reads will loathe himself more and more at remembering that he ever cared to look into those places where man and beast are (or perhaps in strict grammar I should say *is*) entertained.

You sigh, do you? And you answer, "All this sounds very well; but to carry out such a plan would cost something." Indeed, so it would. I did not think of that. Yet it is a matter that should be thought of. Let us look at it. Do you make use of tobacco? Pardon me, I mean no offense. Christian fathers do sometimes make use of it. Suppose then *you* do. How much does it cost you? Ten cents a day? Too much? Then say (for I will take no advantage) five cents a day. I think you would rather have it ten cents: for five leaves me to infer that you smoke very poor cigars. However, we will stick to five. But five cents a day would be $18.25 a year. Eighteen dollars and twenty-five cents every year (except a leap y ar, when you would put in one more cigar, and which for the fun of the thing you perhaps would pay ten cents for)—eighteen dollars and twenty-five cents every year turned into smoke! And you cannot afford to buy ten dollars' worth of books in a year for your boy!

"But I do not use tobacco, the vile stuff," you may possibly answer. And it is no conclusive mark against one's Christian character not to use it; though you need not speak disrespectfully of that which is the "sweet morsel" of so many a Christian. You do not use it, then. But your neighbor does. "My neighbor—what have I to do with my neighbor in the matter?" Don't be impatient; just hear me a moment. Your neighbor does use tobacco, if you do not. Now, if he can afford to burn up five or ten cents every day, twenty or forty dollars every year, of his income, and have nothing for it, how is it that you cannot afford to spend half as much money, and have a boy for it at home, happy, contented, and training up in the way he should go? Is the delicacy of tobacco so priceless to your neighbor, and is a good, home-loving boy of so little worth to you? I know you do not think so. You love John, and will do anything for him.

Training up a child in the way he should walk unto the end—the wisdom of an old fogy three thousand years ago—is very much despised in this advanced age. Many a Christian parent has a way of flinging this drudgery off from his own conscience upon the conscience of a charitable public. The family is not the school of moral and religious training it ought to be. The evening hours for home enjoyment and the Sabbath for culture are not given, it may be feared, as they should be by Christian parents. Our Sunday-schools with all their boast of good (and they boast not in vain,) have encouraged an infinite evil in just this direction. The father is weary with the toil of the week, and so, instead of training his child himself, he sends the boy, or the girl, to the Sunday school; trusting (as if he had lost his wits) that the dear public will feel as much interest in his child as he ought to feel.

But this boy that we have been talking about (I feel a good deal of interest in John)—let us follow him a little longer. Neglected by father and mother—to be sure his father sends him to school and *his* mother mends his clothes—with no home bright, sunny, made cheerful, happy, attractive for him, he is out on the street; in saloons and cellars at last he is—in fact, he is in any place where his brimming nature can flow over, and the uneasy, restless activities of his soul can spend themselves. He quickly feels the contrast between these places and his home. At home the care of father and mother has been given to provide him the accommodations for eating and sleeping; and John goes there to eat and sleep. Beyond these they have scarcely troubled themselves about any other wants their boy might have. They have seemed to feel that he could hardly want anything more. Yet John does want something more. He has looked the house all over to find it; but it is not there. So he goes out to seek it elsewhere. Genial companionship, amusement, recreations for the coil and spring of his boyish mettle, he does not find where his father and mother are; but he does find them where other homeless boys gather and homeless men are found—where the story, the joke, the game, mirth, and drinking fill up the hours of evening.

After this training has been going on till the boy has got a fair start down that way he will be likely to go, the father one day rubs open his eyes to the real state of the case. He begins to feel troubled. He is really alarmed. He wonders why it is that John will act so. He inquires of himself what can be done. Assuring himself that he has done everything which a father can do for a loved son—for have I not clothed my boy, and found him a comfortable home to sleep in?"—he gives him up; what else can the poor father do?—he gives his boy up to the keeping of public benevolence. "I have done all I can do; my conscience is clear. Now," he says to public charity, "look out for your conscience." And so temperance organizations, Good Templars, Knights of What-not, take the boy into their keeping, and do what they can for him. The father is easy again. He takes his evening paper, reads, and goes to sleep; for his boy—"is he not safe in the hands of public keeping?" Safe! Is he safe? Can you sleep on now and take your rest? Good Templars and such things, devised to pick up the homeless are not quite so sure as—as—well, as the laws of Nature, the rising and setting of the sun. Divisions and lodges of temperance may be faithful a thousand years or so; but then the sun has been doing his work faithfully six times as long.

After a period of years I come back where the home of this family is of which John is so important a member, and look in upon them once more. As [illegible] I looked into some of these families that I knew long time ago, and learned with heartache of their Johns, so I come back to this family and inquire about its John. The father and mother with a [illegible] smile, yet with a warm grasp of the hand, welcome me. We sit down, and soon the talk wanders back into the past. God has been kind to them, though the burden of years begins to lie heavy upon them. Their work will soon be done. They are finishing up the day's labor and getting ready for the long evening and the final sleep. I look about me and remember. I turn to the mother, and with a strange voice break in, "And what has become of John—that I used to see?"

The mother drops her hands. Her work falls to the floor. She turns away her eyes. She cannot answer. In the meantime the father has slowly risen from his seat, and as if to do something [illegible] he goes out. In a minute I follow him, and find him with downcast look, hands clasped behind him, pacing to and fro on the greensward by the door. We sit down under a maple through which the full moon is [illegible] upon us, and there he tells me of John. "I hoped well for my boy. I did what I could for him. He was my all. But he would not stay at home like a steady boy. He spent his evenings abroad. Bad boys and worse men led him away. He learned to go with them that have done him no good. Not that John was naturally vicious; before he went with bad men he was a good boy. He learned it all. He began to drink; at first because others did. Soon he loved it; and——. I cannot go over those sad years. You can think how it has been. My boy—is—lost—to me; but if—through the infinite mercy of God—he might not be lost to Heaven——. Oh, the burden of my heart is greater than I can bear. If I could think of him in his childhood innocence and purity as safe under the sod, I should have some comfort in that. But there is not much comfort for me now. The staff that I leaned upon has broken and pierced my side. I can only think of him now and say, 'John, my boy, you do not mean to kill your father; you know not what you do; you do not think how you are crushing me down to the grave.' But enough of this. Let us go in."

In the house we do not talk much. We are not in the mood for it now. The current has been broken; and no one feels like trying to restore it. After a little while I bid the father and mother good-night, and go away. At the end of the gravel walk in the road I stop and look back to the lighted windows. It is the last look that I shall ever give them very likely. My thought is, "Good father, you never had a home yourself, perhaps, and so you knew not what such a thing would be for a boy like John of years ago. You did not know how you could make your boy love it forever as his dear old home. You had not learned how to wind the love of it into his heart. And you did not think how there might be memories of it that would make him die rather than cast a shadow on its hallowed sunshine."—*Scribner's Monthly.*

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

[*Any of the following works—or any other book—will be forwarded by mail by the proprietors of* The Post *on receipt of the regular retail price. Address H. Peterson & Co., 319 Walnut St., Philadelphia.*

Publishers are requested always to state the retail price of their books when sending them to be noticed.]

MRS. TURNER'S POEMS.—Messrs. Osgood & Co., of Boston, announce a volume of poems, with the title of "Out-Door Rhymes," by Mrs. Eliza Sproat Turner, of this city. We are glad we are at last to have Mrs. Turner's poetical productions in a collected form—they are well worthy of it. Several of her poems are exquisite, and nearly all possess great merit.

THREE CENTURIES OF ENGLISH LITERATURE. By CHARLES DUKE YONGE, Regius Professor of Modern History and English Literature in Queen's College, Belfast, author of "A School History of England," etc. Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York; and also for sale by Claxton, Remsen & Haffelfinger, Philada.

NORTHERN LANDS; OR, YOUNG AMERICA IN RUSSIA AND PRUSSIA. A Story of Travel and Adventure. By WILLIAM T. ADAMS, (Oliver Optic), author of "Outward Bound," "Shamrock and Thistle," etc., etc. Published by Lee & Shepard, Boston; Lee, Shepard & Dillingham, New York; and also for sale by Claxton, Remsen & Haffelfinger, Philada. This is the last issued volume of the second series of Oliver Optic's popular "Young America Abroad." The announcement of this book will be enough, we suppose, to send all the boys after it immediately.

CHRIST IN MODERN LIFE. Sermons preached in St. James's Chapel, York street, St. James's Square, London, by the Rev. Stopford A. Brooke, M. A., Honorary Chaplain-in-Ordinary to the Queen. Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York; and also for sale by Claxton, Remsen & Haffelfinger, Philada.

AN AMERICAN GIRL ABROAD. By ADELINE TRAFTON. Illustrated by Miss L. B. Humphrey. Published by Lee & Shepard, Boston; Lee, Shepard & Dillingham, New York; and also for sale by Claxton, Remsen & Haffelfinger, Philada. This, as the title says, is a young lady's record of her travels in England and on the Continent. Very pleasant reading it is too.

MABEL LEE. A novel. By the author of "Valerie Aylmer," "Morton House," etc. With illustrations. Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York; and also for sale by Claxton, Remsen & Haffelfinger, Philada.

SOPHISMS OF FREE TRADE, AND POPULAR POLITICAL ECONOMY EXAMINED. By a Barrister, (Sir John Barnard Byles, Judge of Common Pleas.) First American, from the ninth English, edition. Published by Henry Carey Baird, Industrial Publisher, 406 Walnut street, Philada. Price 75 cents.

THE CRANIAL AFFINITIES OF MAN AND THE APE. By Professor RUD VIRCHOW, author of "Cellular Pathology," etc. Published by Lee & Shepard, Boston; Lee, Shepard & Dillingham, New York; and also for sale by Claxton, Remsen, and Haffelfinger, Philada. This is the second number of that excellent series, "Half-hour Recreations in Popular Science."

Poor Eating in Foreign Countries.

In Spain you can't eat, except fruit, for all is oil, and the oil is detestable. In Portugal they have not yet got beyond garlic. Not that I wish to say a word against that bulbous root; and, indeed, if you stick it into a leg of mutton before you roast it, you will have an excellent dish and a tasty, but *il y a des limites*, and Italian minor theatres have cured me of garlic. Still, I admit it is good.

Germany, as far as eating is concerned, is not a civilized country. You swallow food and are fed, but you do not dine. You are kept alive, but you do not live; you exist only. What is life without fish, fruit, or vegetables? Now you can't get those. I have existed for weeks without salad! If that is not suffering in a civilized land, perhaps you will kindly tell me what is?

☞ When the Cincinnati and Newport bridge, across the Ohio river, was completed, the first persons crossing it were an eloping couple.

☞ A London gentleman has twice within a month rescued ladies from drowning at a bridge he was obliged to cross from having missed his conveyance and when footing it home, by a short cut. Moral—"Miss your train and take a short cut on foot."

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

GREAT BRITAIN.

THE UNIVERSITY BOAT RACE.

Notwithstanding a severe snow storm, the University boat race took place on March 23, at the appointed time, over the usual course of four miles two furlongs, from Putney to Mortlake, on the Thames, and resulted in favor of the Cambridge crew. The day was [illegible] both for the spectators and contestants, and at one time it was reported and generally believed that the race would be postponed. To this report, perhaps, as much as to the inclemency of the weather, was due the fact that the attendance of spectators was very meagre in comparison with the crowds which this contest usually attracts to the banks of the Thames. Nevertheless, there were many thousands of people assembled along the course, who maintained their enthusiasm despite the unfavorable circumstances, and cheered lustily as the varying fortune of the race seemed to change the prospects of the boats.

At the hour of starting the snow was still falling heavily, and the water of the Thames was rough and lumpy, but the boats drew into the stream promptly and were greeted with [illegible] of cheers from either bank.

The Oxford boat had the best of the start, but kept it for less than half a mile, the "light blues" coming up and going ahead at Bishop's Creek. The next mile was a steady pull by both crews, the Cambridge keeping its slight advantage. Opposite the soap works the "dark blues" spurted and reached the side of the Cambridge. For a short distance the boats were head and head, but the Cambridge soon slightly increased its stroke and passed Hammersmith Bridge a length in advance. This advantage was kept until the boats came to what is known as "Corney Reach," where the water was found to be lumpy, and the Oxford's superb rowing and fine steersmanship gained splendidly upon their rivals. The Cambridge was badly steered through the "reach" past Chiswick Eyot, but directly afterwards answered well to the call of Goldie, with a spurt of thirty-seven strokes per minute. Thence to [illegible] railway bridge, the struggle between the contending crews was a series of severe and continuous spurtings, during which the Oxford reached as high as forty-two strokes per minute. The Cambridge, however, continued to lead, and finished in good style, passing the ship at Mortlake one length and a half ahead in twenty-one minutes fifteen seconds. [Another account fixes the time at twenty-one minutes and fifty-three seconds.]

FRANCE.

A LIBEL SUIT.

PARIS, March 27.—The trial of the action for libel brought by Gen. Trochu against the newspaper Figaro commenced to-day, and attracted a large crowd of spectators. Vila, the author of the article complained of, pleaded good faith in writing the same.

Gen. Trochu was examined as a witness, and in the course of his evidence sought to prove that his honor had been attacked.

Among the witnesses who testified in favor of the defence were Count Palikao, Ex-Ministers Chevreau, Vuitry, Magne and Rouher, Ex-President Schneider, M. Pietri, and Marquis of Andelarres. Their testimony went to show that Gen. Trochu was at first devoted to the Emperor, and when the Empire fell he gave all assistance in his power to the Government of the 4th of September.

ITEMS.

Queen Victoria is on her way to Germany to visit her daughter, the Princess Royal, wife of the Imperial Prince Frederic William.

A farm of 400 acres in England is kept by [illegible], to whom the Royal Agricultural Society gave the highest premium last season for general excellence and system.

The largest rope in the world has been completed in Birmingham. It is about six miles long, five and a quarter inches in circumference, and weighs over sixty tons.

Marshal Bazaine has received permission to publish a pamphlet justifying his conduct at Metz.

HOME NEWS.

SLIGHT EARTHQUAKE IN CALIFORNIA.

California was shaken by an earthquake at 20 minutes past 2 o'clock on the morning of March 26. The "central force" of the earthquake was in the Sierra Nevada, east of Visalia. In Visalia, goods were thrown from shelves, and walls cracked by the shock. The vibrations were very slight in San Francisco.

Various rumors are afloat at Wilmington, N. C., in relation to the Lowery gang of outlaws. In the beginning of the week it was reported that the robbers had shot the correspondent of the New York Herald, recently captured by them. It is now said that the Herald correspondent has escaped from the Robeson county, N. C., outlaws, and that he reports the deaths of Henry Berry Lowery and "Boss" Strong.

Professor S. F. B. Morse, the inventor of the electric telegraph, is ill of paralysis of the brain. He has been unconscious since Tuesday.

A HEAVEN TO CHINAMEN.

An Australian newspaper thinks a modern jail does not excite much terror in the mind of a Chinaman. It says: "To the mind of the Heathen Chinee the house of correction must indeed be a place where the wicked cease from troubling, and the Celestial is at rest. We think it was at Maryborough, where a Chinaman was so well satisfied with the treatment while in jail that when his time expired he refused to leave, and had to be forcibly ejected from the prison, and even when outside, hammered at the door with his fists and cried to be re-admitted. He had found out that there was 'welly good chow chow' to be got in there, and nothing in the shape of work to be done for it." Another particularly lazy fellow, who wanted to save expenses, confessed a crime so that he could have free support in jail.

☞ A Texan tells this story of lost opportunities:—"Now you see," said he, "land was cheap enough at one time in Texas. I've seen the day when I could have bought a square league of land, covered with fine grass and timber, for a pair of boots." "And why didn't you buy it?" asked his companion. "Didn't have the boots," said the Texan.

☞ When Charles Lamb visited the Litchfield Cathedral, his guide told him that three men once dined upon the top of the steeple. "They must have been very sharp set," said Lamb.

☞ Marriage between kindred in Russia, however distant, even unto the so-called "forty-second cousin," is against the law, and considered by all Russians as an abomination. Neither may a young person marry a god-parent, the latter coming under the head of "spiritual relations."

☞ A man on the day he became one hundred years old, went to have a pair of shoes made, remarking that he wanted them built substantial, with plenty of hob-nails. The storekeeper suggested that he might not live to wear such a pair of shoes out, when the old gentleman retorted that he commenced this one hundred years a good deal stronger than he did the last one!

☞ Brigan age in Greece is said to be worse than ever, and that it is dangerous for a person to go a thousand paces out of Athens without an escort.

☞ La Crosse, Wis., has an ox with a horn ten inches in length growing from his breast, between the fore legs.

☞ The "meanest man" in Central Illinois is a farmer living near Decatur. He discharges his laborers Saturday night and charges them for lodging and board over Sunday.

☞ "How the World Wags Tale." Something wrong here. Either a book of Darwinian theories, or there's been a comma left out.

RATES OF ADVERTISING.

Thirty cents a line for the first insertion.

Twenty cents for each additional insertion.

☞ Payment is required in advance.

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5000 AGENTS WANTED.—SASH LOCK, retails for 5 cents. A Window Circular free. Address A. GRIFFIN, [illegible], Pa. apl6-1t

HOMESTEADS. Maps of all such, [illegible] J. K. GAGE, [illegible], Iowa. [illegible]

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DELAWARE INSTITUTE for Young Ladies, TRENTON, NEW JERSEY. Preparing for [illegible]. For circulars, address the Principal, Miss RACHELLE G. HUNT. [illegible]

EPILEPSY OR FITS. [illegible] march23-3m

Wonderful Invention. [illegible] BYRN MANUFACTURING CO., [illegible], Conn. march[illegible]

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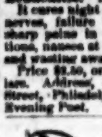

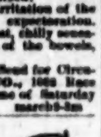

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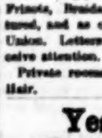

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[illegible] oct21-26t

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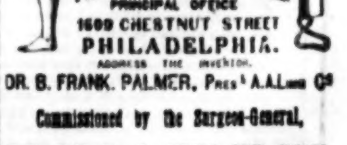

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WIT AND HUMOR.

A NEW POET.

It will hardly be believed, and yet another man actually has written a poem about the Chicago fire, and stretched it out into thirty-four verses, too. This is the way he begins:

"Hark! what hellish glare is that I see upon the sky?
Is that the aurora borealis that streams aloft on high?
No! it is the bloody Fire Fiend whose features I descry,
And he will lay the proud town low whose inhabitants the laws of God and man defy."

It will be observed at once that he is a peculiar poet. No ordinary man—no mere prosaic worm—such as the rest of us are, could "hanker" to a "hellish glare" that we saw "upon the sky," and at the same time study the extraordinary phenomenon of an aurora borealis that is "aloft" at the very same moment that it is "on high." These things are permitted only to the gifted and the good. And no man who is not of this kind could have finished off that last line so that it would seem to be a wail of anguish from a prophetic soul whose longings for justice conflict with its anxiety for mercy. When we peruse that concluding line it seems to us that the poet could not at first find a word that would rhyme with "descry," and he determined to keep on writing until one was revealed to him. We rejoice that he thought of "defy" as soon as he did. If that word had not come to him up to this date he might still be writing that line, and have succeeded in stretching it out to about sixty furlongs, so that it would have filled three pages of this paper. In that event we should have had only one page in which to offer our comments upon it, and all the joy would consequently have faded out of our young life.—*Exchange Paper.*

PLEASANT FROM JOHNNY.

Tickle Tackle House, Jan. 28, 1872.

dear Ma,

I wright two tell you i am very rutched and my chillyblanes is worser again. i have not made any progress and don't think i shall. i am sorry to be such expense but i do not think schule is off any good. One of the fellows has taken the crowne hout off my new hat for a target. i said you would not like it. he has alsow borrow my watch to make a water wheel with the works but it won't act. me and him have tried to put the works back but we think there is some wheels missing as it won't fit. I hope Matilde's cold is better. I am glad she is not at schule. i think I have got consumshun. the boys at this place are not gentlemany but i suppose you did not know that when you sent me. i will try not to get bad habits. the trowsers have wore out at the nees. i think the tailor must have cheated you. the buttons have also come off and they are tore at the back. I don't think the food is good but i should not mind if i was stronger. the piece i send you is off the beef we had on sunday but on other days it is more stringy. there are black beedles in the kitchen and sometimes they cook them in the dinner which can't be wholesome when you are not strong. 1 off the boys has tamed one not a cooked a raw one and it will dance when you wistle "Down in a coal mine" which make him think of his happy home. dear Ma, i hope you and my dear papa and sisters are enjoying of yourselves and do not mind me being so uncomfortable because I do not think I shall last long.

I am
Yours Affectionate
Johnny.

P. S.—Please send me some more money as i owe 8 pence. if you can not spare it i think i can borrow of a boy who is going to leave at the half-quarter and then he won't ask for it back but praps you would not like me to be under a obligashun as is parents is traidspeople an i think you deal at their shop. I did not mention it as i dessay they have put in your bill.

PLAYING WITH EDGED-TOOLS.

This is what usually comes of playing with edged-tools: A fellow up in Oregon thought he would be smart, and just have a little fun with a young lady on whom he had waited two or three times. He asked her what she would do if a nice-looking young fellow asked her to marry him. She smiled, oh, so gushingly, and looked good enough to eat, but said nothing. Then he asked her what she would say if he asked her to marry him. She threw her arms around him, and rushed out of the room for her hat and shawl. The poor fellow says he was never married so sudden in his life. Probably that was the nearest she ever came to being asked, and she thought fooling around with sentiment would be dangerous.

AN ARISTOCRATIC COUPLE.

During the reception of Alexis at Topeka, according to a local sheet, "Miss Petsuit de [illegible] was the cynosure of all eyes as she promenaded, leaning heavily upon the cork flipper of Count Sawmyromannoseoff, a Russian naval officer, whose breast looked like the show window of a tin shop, glittering as it was with temperance badges, baggage checks, and the gorgeous paraphernalia of a dollar store. His fair companion's face was flushed with excitement and Laird's Bloom of Youth, and her eyes fairly flashed with merriment and belladona, as she listened to the diptheria-producing monosyllables of the Count."

MARCH.

The "horoskope" for March is thus cast by Josh Billings:

The man born this month will be inklined tew blow a little. He will be a domestik man and will know how to rok the kradle and pare potatoes. He will marry the only daughter of a widdo, and will be a good judge of mothers-in-law. He will die about the usual time in life, and leave a house and lot, with a small mortgage on it. He never will run for offis but once, and will get beat. The woman who appears this month will be an old maid till she is twenty years old, and then will suddenly put a stop two this kind of business by investing in a yung man. She will be a good housekeeper, and kno how to make a plum puddin with the plums left out.—She will hang on her buty till she is about 45; after that she will have to take her chances.

THE LATEST STYLE.

One of our society papers, describing the glories of a fashionable wedding, says "the bride, who is a beautiful blonde, was tastefully attired in a handsome bridal trousseau." So the dear girl put on all her good clothes at once, did she? After this we are not surprised to learn that the bridegroom appeared "with white necktie." He doubtless thought the bride had donned clothes enough for both!

OFFENDED ETIQUETTE.

Mrs. Bullis, an ignorant parvenue, having "come in for a heap of money," is enabled to keep a footman. She has recently been to the theatre, and has seen that on the stage drawing-room footmen never bring notes in their hands. Her servant Thomas has just been guilty of so doing. Immediately she draws herself up, and tries to look with [illegible] on the [illegible] as she observes, "Thomas, I'm a surprised at your bringing in a note like that. In future, always bring it on a salver."

☞ If your neighbor's hens are troublesome, and steal across the way, don't let your angry passions rise; fix a place for 'em to lay!

OUR OWN.

If I had known in the morning
How wearily all the day
The words unkind would trouble my mind
That I said when you went away,
I had been more careful, darling,
Nor given you needless pain;
But we vex our own with look and tone
We might never take back again.

For though in the quiet evening
You may give me the kiss of peace,
Yet it well might be that never for me
The pain of the heart should cease!
How many go forth at morning
Who never come home at night!
And hearts have broken for harsh words spoken,
That sorrow can ne'er set right.

We have careful thought for the stranger,
And smiles for the sometime guest;
But oft for our own the bitter tone,
Though we love our own the best.
Ah! lips with the curve impatient,
Ah! brow with the shade of scorn,
'Twere a cruel fate, were the night too late
To undo the work of morn!

* * *

Leaves from a Pocket Diary.

No. 20.

THE SHADOW ON THE WALL.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY CAPTAIN CARNES.

We were sitting, Colonel Dacre and myself, in the one hotel of the Mushroom town. It was in the mining town of D——, and this place had grown up in a few months, I might almost say weeks, to its present wonderful dimensions, such sudden growth being found nowhere else but in the West. The only place of any architectural pretentions was this same hotel, with its canvas awning and rough board side. Canvas was the chief building material of the other places, whether stores or dwelling houses. The rough [illegible] slab roofs, told of places erected in a hurry. About every fifth place in the embryo city was a tippling or gambling den, generally comprising both in one. We, the colonel and myself, had just returned from a visit into the very bosom of the silver earth—for in the mines, especially in the underground excavations, the ore in solid shape, or dusty fineness from the picking and digging, glistened like the back of a mirror.

Dacre and myself, for the last week had regularly met at this new town hotel, to smoke our evening cigars, afterwards separating to the [illegible] of a canvas partition between our sleeping-rooms, where for several hours might have been heard the squeaking of our striding pens along the blue lines—he being on a reporting tour, and I taking notes, also, of whatever might be new or wonderful—having at the same time a fancy in the geological way, getting some nice moss agates, inspecting *quartz* and *pints* of rocks, and tattooing my anatomy in climbing cliffs, not unfrequently, by unlucky stumbles, converting my Roman nose into a *Grease-ian*, that sundry huge scratches might become healed.

"What do you think of that?" says the colonel, exhibiting several sheets of foolscap closely marked with ink; "what do you think of my hand-writing, eh?"

"It beats the hand-writing on the wall," I replied; "veritable hieroglyphics."

"Abominable!" he retorted. "Could you do better than that?"

"If you drew it for a long-handle skimmer," I returned, "I could not; if for a capital J try again."

He laughed pleasantly.

"Your fancy pleases me. Now here is a b doubled over in roars of laughter at the next drawing. Stop a moment. What you might suspect to be the fender of a buggy wagon, is a large k drawing the ribbons over the letter i; i being the pony that kicks up in the shafts."

"Enough, Dacre; you will carry the thing too far; but you ought to be ashamed of your hand-writing."

"I am; so is my pen. It squealed like a rat every time it spread its legs to walk from letter to letter."

But this evening on which we first introduce him to the reader, his usual mirthful flow of spirits seemed lacking. This was so unusual, that at length I ventured to ask if he were ill.

"No, hang it," said he, in a vexed tone, "my mental barometer has gone down within the last few hours in a depressing manner."

"What is it?"

"I feel oppressed—a heavy sense of something awful hangs about me. Without having slept, I feel like a person wakening from an incubus state."

I looked up surprised, for, although, I had not known Dacre for a long time, I could have sworn that his disposition was even and cheerful.

"There must be a cause," I ventured, "for this change."

"I don't know—I am well aware that I did a very foolish thing this afternoon; yet that ought not to so affect my spirits. I was there by Guyler's, and stepped in to see the play. It is a sort of gambler's holiday, waiting for the mule trains to get in supplies. That devil of a Vaux was, as usual, the leading spirit of the hour. I saw him deliberately, and with a juggler's expertness, carry out a trick that took the silver bricks away from a young fellow in no time. Maddened and desperate, the swindled boy played on, and three-quarters of his six months earnings were hauled in by Vaux. Again he changed the cards with the old trick. I spoke out pretty sharply, and accused the gambler of his deception. A furious quarrel was the immediate result, for as I persisted in my charge, others, who had before feared to accuse the burly villain, now took sides with me, and threats, oaths and pistol shots were fired. One bullet ventilated my hat—look!—but we who accused were the stronger party, and soon settled the disturbance by thrusting Vaux outside, after having restored young Darrel's silver to him. How Vaux will take the matter is another thing. Prudence should have held me speechless, but justice urged me to do as I did."

I felt immediately that Dacre had placed himself in no enviable position.

"What do you think?" he asked, as I remained silent.

"That if your business is not too urgent you get out of here as soon as possible."

"My opinion precisely. I believe that I shall pack my portmanteau in the morning and start for Silver City."

After that we sat talking over accidents and adventures until a late hour. A late hour, but not a still hour, for there were the frequent shouts of the mad revellers in the canvas booths; the drunken brawling; with the incessant roll, roll, roll and bump of the lignumvitæ balls in a bowling alley adjoining. All these sounds traversed straight across by the occasional sharp report of a pistol shot.

"By George!" says Dacre, listening to this, and to the heavy rattling flap of the thick awning in the fitful wind, "this must resemble the side shows around the main ring of Sir Lucifer's huge fire-work entertainment."

"What would you class the mass of miners with—such as [illegible]?"

"Bad manners with your conundrums is an inseparable rule," retorted he, humorously.

Some inexplicable power held us to our places, and it chanced that we two were alone in the bar-room, the frequenters of that place being straggled about, with a very small fraction decently in bed. The night outside was full of lights, the heavenly orbs putting in their best appearance, and the canvas city, in comic braggadocio, trying to rival nature, for lamps and tallow dips were shooting their slender and feeble lights in squares and odd patterns from windows, doors and promiscuous loopholes. Each side the upright pillars of the tavern awning two oil lamps did what they could at smoking, flaring their short flickering blaze, and winking stupidly at passers-by.

Curiously enough Dacre and myself sat with our backs to the window, tilting our chairs lazily, and fumigating the ceiling which was done, not in frescoe, but *stuck-o*, (stucco) and all at once his shadow on the opposite wall attracted my attention.

You have all, at some time, perhaps in childhood, seen the grim, exaggerated, infernal outlines which a light, in the right position, will throw upon the wall from our own decent, unpretending person. Well, I got to looking for an instant at the shadow, stationary and gigantic, and had opened my mouth to call Dacre's attention to the fact of the huge, moustached shadow, while he wore side whiskers, when there came a peculiar, torpedo-like crack close to my ear through the open window, and with a startled opening of the eyes and a throwing up of the hands, Dacre leaped towards me, and fell to the floor, shot through the head.

With a shout, I sprang through the bar-room proper, calling out:

"Colonel Dacre's shot; pursue the murderer—this way! this way!"

I had caught a glimpse of a man dashing through the principal street toward the hills. My shout was caught up and rang like wild-fire through the bowling-alleys, and the tippling and gambling saloons.

In fifteen minutes, a line of rough, unwashed heathen were stringing along on the chase, and yelping like fox-hounds.

As they streamed past a low, shed-like building, dignified by the name of saloon, and glowing with a score of lamps, where a cracked fiddle was doing its crazy best to be hilarious, and a grum base-viol hobbled up and down the gamut after its chirpy treble companion with the thought of doing the heavy strains, there came a call—

"What's up?" punctuated with several upright oaths.

"Dacre's shot, down at Brag's. The fellow that burnt the powder heads towards the hills. Come, take the lope after him."

There was a fierce exclamation within. A young man in a checked shirt, and bare-headed, thrust a pistol into his belt, seized a rifle, and leaped outside.

A girl came to the doorway and said, in an agitated tone,

"Take care, Edward, it's Vaux; he said he'd do it, and he will fight desperately."

Evidently all the redeeming trait that there was in this bold girl's character, judging from her face, was the affection she manifested towards the young man. For to see a woman in such a place was immediately to condemn her as a lost star; yet were gleamed out the particle of woman nature not eclipsed by sin; for unable to remain inactive with her fears, she ran along with us to know the dangers to which young Darrel might be exposed. With a strange persistency, the pursued fled straight over the nearly level country, never once turning aside for the purpose of hiding. Straight on for the ravine, while the short, hoarse yelps followed persistently. Once, it is true, I thought that I saw two shadowy forms in the dim light of the young westering moon.

Once in the ravine and we paused, for we could distinctly see the doomed man springing up the rocky sides like a chamois.

"He's running for his burrow," gasped some one, bringing himself to a pause, being mostly without breath.

"I'll have him out," said young miner Darrel, "if I lose my life in picking into his nest."

Suddenly the climbing form came to a pause, evidently with the idea that there were no weapons but pistols among us.

"Advance no farther!" he shouted, and the watery light of the moon struck out in a shining strip from his shoulder, where it found and followed the glistening barrel of his rifle, as it was held at an angle to cover the foremost figure.

The doomed wretch on the side of the ravine was clearly defined in the feeble moonlight, as was also his threatening attitude.

Dropped upon one knee, with the smooth bore of his long rifle slowly coming within range of the fugitive, the miner, Ned, was about to execute immediate vengeance. Just then the girl, who had come up with the foremost of us, and had changed her position while we held ourselves immovable, called out in a sharp, agonized tone:

"Hold, Ned, don't fire, it's not—"

Her warning came too late, for there was the simultaneous report of two rifles, the fugitive having evidently made out the intention, at that instant, of young Darrel's position.

Quick as thought, even as she spoke, the girl had divined the crisis at hand, and she leaped from her position and threw herself under Edward's [illegible] into his arms.

The ball from the rifle up the ravine bored its way through her lungs, striking her under the right arm, and she toppled over, while the blood poured from her mouth and nostrils. Down from the face of the climbing rocks crashed the fugitive, plunging like a huge vulture, into our very midst. We sprang forward. One close, scrutinizing glance conveyed the sickening truth. It was not Vaux. Edward Darrel had shot some person in his stead. Who was he, then? Probably some fugitive from justice, whose guilty conscience needed no accuser.

"So much the worse," gasped Ned, with blanched face; "here are three lives scored against him, and I will yet wipe out the whole debt—I swear it."

The girl was not yet dead, but the stranger was; and with feelings of silent horror, we bore the bodies back into the town.

The roughest villain in the place seemed touched by the sad results of the fatal mistake, and almost to a man turned out to search the town in pursuit of Vaux. But he had either seized upon the opportune time of our dashing up the ravine to escape our vengeance, or else was hidden securely in some hole about the place.

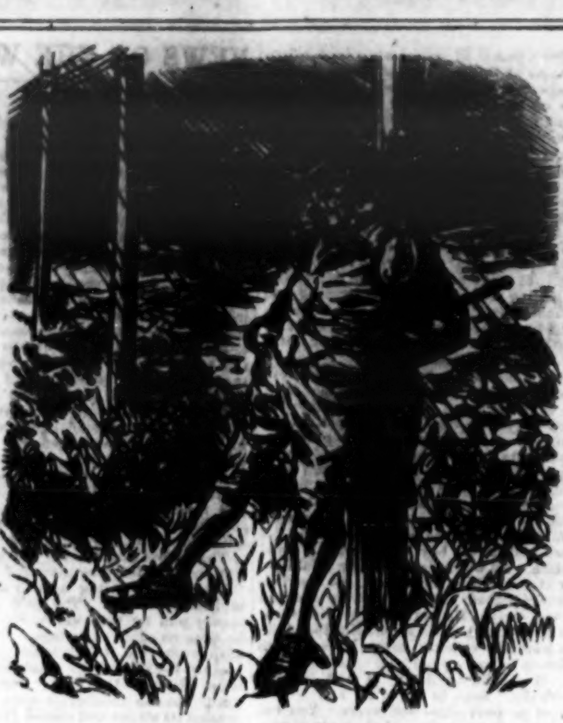
Before morning Bianca died, making three victims of the gambler's lawlessness. She and the unknown stranger,—who certainly never would have believed himself the pursued party, and brought his death upon his head, unless he were a criminal, were buried on a little eminence near the town. Dacre's remains were sent farther east, where he had some distant relatives.

I left the direct locality of the tragedy in a few days, but Edward Darrel had gone before me. Either with or without a clue, I know not, he had started out with the determined purpose of never resting until he had found Vaux and executed a triple vengeance upon him.

So in the wild mining districts tragedies are of such frequent occurrence, that they occasion a few comments for a day or two, and then some fresh event draws off the mind from the past.

For weeks, however, the glimpse of a passing shadow on the wall would make me spring aside in nervous haste, with the expectation of a horror like that when Colonel Dacre was shot.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)



"THE HARP IN THE AIR."

IRISH GENTLEMAN (*who has vainly endeavored to execute a jig to the fitful music of the telegraph wires*)—"Shure! whativer y'are ye can't play a bit! How can a jintleman dance—(*hic!*)—iv ye don't kape time?"

* * *

Answers to Correspondents.

L. L. (Bleak Hill, Va.) writes: "—Many thanks to you for your kindness in replying to my questions. After writing to you, we tried the experiment of pouring water into our well, recommended by several persons in our county as a successful one, and since its failure we are so thoroughly convinced of its inefficiency that it is almost useless to trouble you further, even to repair my oversight in neglecting to mention the name of my county and state, which I did not think at the time could affect the explanation desired. However, I will state that I live in Culpeper county, Va., on the summit of one of the highest hills (so high indeed that you may almost call it a young mountain) and at the base of which flows a branch of the noble Rappahannock. Our well is upwards of sixty feet deep—so deep that we did not suppose its waters would ever cease to flow. But it is even so, and not only so, but *we lacked faith* in our experiment, and so our twenty barrels full of added water have sunk to unseen depths, and nothing now is visible but the hard, dry bottom of the well, so there is no phenomenon in that case that can be scientifically explained, unless perchance some wise man will tell us of some way to bring its waters back. Not only have our wells and springs gone dry, but so have our cows—the snow is all gone, and the river is all muddy and unfit for use; so what must we do for a drop of clear, pure water to cool our parching tongues? Even the grass of nice rich milk which we once thought we could not do without, is denied us. Coffee made of muddy water, with no cream in it, is not very palatable, and tea ditto. Do help us out of our trouble, if you can, and oblige." You do right not to put your faith in statements which fail to appeal to reason. The idea of pouring water into a well probably arose from the fact that when you have a dry pump, you pour water down, in order to swell the valves so that they will fit close and cause the necessary vacuum. Our advice is that you dig down for the water which has sunk out of your reach, and see if you cannot find its underground hiding place. In other words, you had better deepen your well. You will probably strike upon a deeper and more permanent vein of water. If you do not find this advisable, your next best course will be to filter the river water you are using, and thus render it suitable for domestic purposes. There are many forms of filter suitable for this, they being mostly based upon the employment of sand or charcoal for the removal of the impurities from the water. A simple form of filter may be made of a common flower pot, which has a hole or holes in its bottom. Place in this, first a layer of small round gravel; then one of finer gravel; then one of coarse sand; and finally a layer of three or four inches of well powdered charcoal. By filtering through this what water you need for drinking and cooking, you may obviate the difficulty under which you are laboring. Another simple filter may be made by placing a layer of sponge between two plates of perforated [illegible].

L. H. M. (Watkins, N. Y.,) writes: "Will the Post kindly answer my questions? 1st. Who is the author of the poem 'Hannah Jane?' (I have the impression it is P. V. Nasby, but have been told it is not.) And who is the author of 'On Silver Wings' and 'Joyce Dormer's Story?' Shall you publish more stories of that author this year? You would confer a great favor by publishing 'Hannah Jane' in the Post. Of course it is presuming to ask it." We remember reading the poem referred to on its appearance, and were certainly not so favorably impressed with its merits as our correspondent appears to have been; not sufficiently so, in fact, as to make any effort to ascertain the name of the author upon our mind. We have no copy on hand at present, and therefore are unable to say what our "second thought" on the subject would be. As for the authorship of the two stories named, had the author desired to appear before the public in propria persona, the name would have been published in connection with the stories. We cannot say at present whether or not we shall publish any more of this author's stories.

CARRIE (Pottsville, Iowa,) says: "I thought I would venture to ask one question. It is this—do you think it is proper for ladies to attend a Lyceum? Please answer this." In this part of the country it is both proper and common. There is surely nothing said in a well-conducted Lyceum which ladies may not properly and profitably hear. If the Lyceums in your locality differ from ours in this respect, they should be "reconstructed" by the presence of the ladies.

SOME ARDENT (Boston, Mass.,) writes: "I trust that you will answer the following questions. 1st. [illegible] Salem. Your writing is easily read, but is otherwise a queer hand.

A. B. (Philadelphia,) kindly informs us [illegible]

A SUBSCRIBER (Ilion, N. Y.,) writes: "1st. What is the proper way to [illegible]

VERBAL, (Unionville, Conn.,) writes: "Please inform me through your columns of anything which is being done, if anything, to restore the forests of the West, which are being so fearfully destroyed, and to [illegible] It is reported that 1,000,000 trees are planted yearly in the State of Iowa, and that 25,000,000 have been planted in less than six years.

ANTIQUE, (Yates City, Illinois,) writes: "You will confer a great favor by giving me some information in regard to the remarkable remains known as the Druidical, such as those at Stonehenge, of which I have read a description, and what is known as to their origin and purpose?" There are other localities of these strange remains, as remarkable, though not so well-known, as those at Stonehenge. At Avebury, in England, occur several concentric circles and long avenues of huge upright stones, seeming to have formed originally a vast, open temple. On a bare, sandy plain, at Carnac, France, occurs another striking monument of the past. It consists of several straight rows of huge stones, planted upright in the ground, which covered formerly a space of three leagues in extent, and numbered more than 10,000. Some of these measured twenty-two feet high, by twelve feet broad and six feet thick. Yet no similar work is found anywhere near the locality. These erections have been attributed to the Celts, and called Druidical, though there is no particle of evidence of this, and nothing known concerning their origin. Another class of erections are known as Cromlechs, and are very numerous throughout the British Islands. They consist of immense flat stones raised on uprights. These have been glowingly described as Druids' altars, though it is now known that they were built for sepulchres, and were formerly covered with great mounds of earth.

SUBSCRIBER, (Williamsburg, Ind.) writes in answer to E. S., of Otego, N. Y., as follows: "'The Tale of Two Cities' did come out in the Post. It commenced in the number dated October 1st, [illegible]. Mother has most of the back numbers of the Post, from 1849 up to the present, and soon found the one in which the story commenced." For which information we are obliged, and hope it may reach the eye of our former correspondent. Our readers are often better posted in regard to the past history of the Post than we are ourselves, our time being fully occupied in attending to its present, and providing for its future history.

F. L. (Brownsville, Texas,) writes: "What is meant by exogamous and endogamous marriage? I have met these terms in a work I am reading, without any explanation of their meaning, or any way of discovering it by the context." These are terms invented by McLellan, a Scottish writer on marriage, to express two systems adopted by various savage tribes. By endogamous marriage he means a system in which marriage is forbidden outside the limits of the tribe. In exogamous marriage a strong prejudice exists against a man marrying a woman of his own tribe. To such an extent is this carried, that in some cases intertribal marriage is punished with death. The argument is that all the members of a tribe are blood-relations, no matter how distant may be their common ancestor.

NUTMEG, (Dover, Del.,) writes: "Where are the spices principally raised, and what nations have control of them? I have understood that the Dutch are in possession of the main localities that produce spices. Is this correct?" Yes. The Moluccas, on which the spice cultivation is principally conducted, belong to Holland, and the production is controlled by special laws. Thus the cultivation of the nutmeg has been confined to the Island of Banda, on which it flourishes; and the clove has been removed from its native island of Ternate to Amboyna, on which it is a failure. The spice trees on the other islands have been destroyed. This gives the rulers full control of the market. It is said to be a benefit to the natives, as it relieves them from the oppression of their Rajahs, and permits them to turn their attention to food cultivation.

P. W. R. (Wilmington, N. C.,) writes: "How do sea and land animals compare; in point of size I mean; and what is meant by the saying that the whale is not a fish? I cannot see why it is not a fish; it certainly is an inhabitant of the great deep, and gets through the water by the aid of tail and fins. Also, to what size do those slimy-looking creatures, the jelly fish, grow—and of what are they composed, to be so different in appearance from other animals?" The inhabitants of the water greatly surpass those of the land in both directions, in smallness and largeness. Those microscopic creatures, of which millions find abundant elbow room in a drop of water, have no counter parts in minuteness out of their native liquid. On the other hand the full-grown whale, the giant of the seas, compares with the elephant in size, much as the latter compares with a middle-sized dog. People in general have no definite idea of the immensity of this huge creature. The whale is not a fish, despite his fins and tail. The fish proper is a gill-breathing animal, and has an internal conformation in correspondence with this mode of breathing. The whale is a mammal, breathing by the lungs, being formed inside on the model of the land animals, and suckling its young—features possessed by no fish. To the same family belong the dolphin, the porpoise, and other ocean creatures. A jelly fish has been measured whose disk was seven feet across, and its tentacles more than a hundred feet long. The principal component of these animals is water. Some are so transparent as to be almost invisible.

PET (Cincinnati). The author of the poem "A Doubting Heart," is Miss Adelaide Anne Procter. We do not know who wrote "Inconstant."

W. H. W. (Standwood, Iowa.) Your poem is respectfully declined.

[Several letters are held over to be answered in our next.]

* * *

LET THE CHILDREN ALONE.

Let your children alone when they gather around the family table. It is a cruelty to hamper them with manifold rules and regulations about this, and that, and the other. As long as their conduct is harmless to others, encourage them in their cheerfulness. If they do smack their lips, and suppings of milk and other drinks can be heard across the street, it does not hurt the street; let them alone. What if they do take their soup with the wrong end of the spoon; let them alone.

Suppose a child does not sit as straight as a ramrod at the table; suppose a cup or a tumbler should slip through its little fingers and deluge the plate of food below, and the goblet is smashed, and the table cloth ruined, do not look a thousand scowls and thunders, and scare the poor thing to the balance of its death, for it was scared half to death before. It "didn't go to do it." Did you never let a glass slip through your fingers since you were grown? Instead of sending the child away from the table in anger, with not even a threat for this or any like nothing, be as generous as you would to an equal or superior guest, to whom you would say, with a more or less obsequious smile, "It's of no possible consequence." That would be the form of expression even to a stranger guest; and yet to your own child you remorselessly, and revengefully and angrily, mete out a swift punishment, which for the time, almost breaks its little heart, and belittles you amazingly.

The proper and more Christian method of meeting the mishaps and delinquencies and improprieties of your children at the table, is either to take no notice of them at the time, or divert attention from them at the very instant, if possible, or to make a kind of apology for them. But afterwards, in an hour or two, or better still, the next day, draw the child's attention to the fault, if fault it was, in a friendly and loving manner; point out the impropriety in some kindly way, show where it was wrong or rude, and appeal to the child's self-respect or manliness. This is the best way to correct all family errors. Sometimes it may not succeed; sometimes harsh measures may be required; but try the [illegible] or the kindly method with perfect equanimity of mind, and failures will be of rare occurrence.—*Dr. Hall.*

☞ THE GENTLE INFLUENCE OF WOMAN.—The Transcript saw a young lady stop a horse car opposite St. Paul's recently, and have a social chat with the driver as to his destination and intentions generally, so protracted that she stopped seven car loads in the same.

RIDDLER.

(*Charades, Riddles, Problems, etc.,* must always be accompanied by their answers, or they will not be published.

All who take an interest in this column are respectfully invited to contribute.

CHARADE.

My First is "mightier than the Sword;"
My Second stops a wheel;
My Third is part of Marmion's cry,
When dying on the hill.

My Whole reveals the quaint surname
Of a famed British King;
Whose glorious deeds old legends tell,
And modern Poets sing.

ANNA AMARANTH.

WORD SQUARE.

A brute.
The world.
To debate.
To crowd.
A stealing.

EEL.

PROBLEMS IN GRAMMAR.

1. "I, *even* I do bring a flood upon the earth."

Parse even.

2. "To Greensburg twenty miles."

Analyze the sentence.

W. H. MORROW.

☞ An answer is requested.

MATHEMATICAL PROBLEM.

A triangle A B C has one angle A fixed on a given radius of a given circle, at a given distance from its centre; the side A B is also given, and makes a given angle with the given radius. Required—The locus of the third angle C so that the centre of gravity of the triangle shall always be on the circumference of the given circle.

ARTEMAS MARTIN.

Erie, Erie Co., Pa.

☞ An Answer is requested.

QUESTION.

From a certain sum of money, $240 more than its ½ was taken away; from the remainder, $120 more than its ½ was taken away; and from what then remained, $40 more than its ½ was taken away, and then there remained $10. What was the original sum?

W. H. MORROW,

Manor Station, Pa.

☞ An answer is requested.

CONUNDRUMS.

☞ When is a lady's saddle like Pythias? When it has a dame on (Damon).

☞ Why is a man who makes additions to false rumors like one who has confidence in all that is told him? Because he relies on all he hears.

☞ When is a man a four-handed animal? When he doubles his fists.

☞ A correspondent sends us this: Why are the sun, moon, seven stars, and the north pole, like an English penny? Because they are four far-things.

ANSWERS TO LAST.

BIBLICAL ENIGMA—"For my mouth shall speak truth; and wickedness is an abomination to my lips. Proverbs, chap. 8, verse 7.

BURIED PLACES—

1. Brighton.
2. Andover.
3. Athens.
4. Atlas.
5. Erie.
6. Bavaria.
7. Berlin.
8. Boston.
9. Canada.
10. China.
11. Crimea.
12. Danube.
13. Eton.
14. Andes.
15. Thebes.
16. Hebrides.

RECEIPTS.

CLAM SOUP.—Boil well cleaned clams in boiling water, until the shells open; there should be only water sufficient to cover them. When the shells open take out the clams, chop them fine, strain the liquor into the soup pot, and boil the minced clams two hours, or until the flavor is extracted. Then strain them from the liquor, add pepper; and salt also, if needed, but generally there is sufficient salt in the clam. Make a dumpling like a short biscuit, but very soft and rich, roll it out quite thin, and cut in small pieces with a cracker cutter. Work into a teacup of butter a large table-spoonful of flour, stir into it enough hot soup to make a batter, then add the batter to the soup, stirring constantly until it boils up; then put in twelve of the dumplings, cover tight, and let it boil fifteen minutes steadily; then take it from the fire, skim out the dumplings and lay them in the tureen; have ready the beaten yolk of three eggs, stir into them a coffee-cup of the soup, and strain the soup and egg through a wire sieve; after which it must be gradually stirred into the soup, which should not boil after the egg is added. This soup will require one hundred small, or sixty large clams.

JELLY CAKE.—One pound of pulverized loaf sugar, half a pound of sweet butter, five eggs well beaten, and one glass of wine. Beat the sugar and butter together, then add the yolks; beat it well, and stir in the beaten whites. Dissolve a teaspoon of soda in a half a pint of milk; stir in one pound of flour, and lastly the milk and soda. Butter round shallow pans, or square, if you have no round ones. Spread the cake evenly on the bottom, one-sixth of an inch thick, and bake quickly without burning; let them become entirely cold in the pan. Then remove one to the plate it is to occupy, spread it evenly with jelly; then lay on another, and so continue until all but the last one are spread, and ice with a thin frosting. The jelly should not be spread on the cake a long time before using, as it will absorb it.

PICKED-UP COD FISH.—This is an old-fashioned dish and name, but none the less to be admired on that account, being, with most persons, when properly prepared, a great favorite. Pick up the fish in small particles, separating the fibres as near as possible, the finer the better. Freshen by leaving it in water one hour; pour off the water, and fill up with fresh; bring it to a scald, pour it off, and put on the fish just enough water to cover it; add, to a quart of the soaked fish, a bit of butter the size of half an egg, a very little flour, and a dust of pepper. Beat up two eggs, and after taking off the fish, thicken it by stirring in the egg. Some let it boil after the egg is added, but if this is done, the egg will be curdled. Another way is to boil eggs, chop and mix them in the gravy.

COCOA SNOW.—Grate the white part of a cocoa-nut and mix it with white sugar; serve with whipped cream or not, as desired. This is called cocoa snow. It looks beautifully on the table, it is proper for dinner or evening parties.

CROQUETTES OF FISH.—Mince cold fish; mix in the fish, egg, a little flour, a spoonful of cream; make the fish in balls or small cakes, and fry them brown. Lobster makes the best croquettes.

KEDGEREE.—Boil rice; add any picked-up fish; beat it together, and while hot stir into the mixture a beaten egg; serve hot.

CLAY CAKE.—Stir together until light half a pound of butter and one of best loaf-sugar. Mix in one pound of flour, one teaspoon of tartar; dissolve in half a pint of milk, half a teaspoon of soda; add to the butter and sugar the yolks of six well-beaten eggs, mix well; add the beaten whites; mix in the flour, and lastly add in the milk and soda, and bake quickly.